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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics.

SOME unimportant political speeches were delivered in the earlier part of the week by Lord HERSCHELL and others; while Thursday witnessed a still larger number. But the first addresses of mark for the week, and, indeed, for the year, were those of Mr. GOSCHEN at Prince's Hall and of Mr. GLADSTONE at Chester on Wednesday. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, addressing his constituents, covered a wide range of subjects, domestic and foreign, from Portugal to Mr. FOWLER. Mr. GOSCHEN followed with advantage a hint given here, and extracted some interesting proofs of the burning affection of Irishmen for England from the columns of *United Ireland*. If he will, under the same guidance, make further inquiries about the collection of the Income-tax, he will find that he has been "grossly misinformed" as to no "screw being put on," though no doubt he is right in saying that "no order has been given" for it. But, as the Ettrick Shepherd said of contributors, "A" "Chancellors of the Exchequer are fierce" as to taxes. On Mr. GLADSTONE's speech more may be found elsewhere. It is, perhaps, sufficient to observe here that his admirers have not hitherto discovered in it "the finest that even he has ever made." Much of it was of an electioneering kind, devoted to the vacancy caused at Partick by the lamented death of Mr. CRAIG SELLAR. Active steps are being taken on both sides in reference to this vacancy, and the Unionists appear to have in Mr. PARKER SMITH a candidate who possesses the indispensable qualification of being acceptable to both sections of the party.

Muzzling.

On the same day Mr. CHAPLIN received a deputation on the subject of muzzling dogs, and replied to them in an excellent speech, wherein knowledge of the subject was well combined with common sense and firmness with courtesy. The ill-feeling—natural enough, if not quite reasonable—which the orders have excited is particularly to be deplored.

England and Portugal.

No news has been received from the actual seat of the quarrel between Great Britain and Portugal, but fresh accounts of the SERPA PINTO proceedings have been obtained, not merely from Bishop SMYTHIES, but from the unexceptionable authority of a French traveller and officer, Captain TRIVIER. From both of these accounts it is evident that Lord SALISBURY's action (which was fully set forth in despatches published after we went to press last week) was not only necessary in substance, but exceedingly moderate in the form and amount of its demands. In Portugal itself the almost incredibly childish outbreaks of popular feeling have continued. It has been, it seems, proposed to drop the study of the English language in Portuguese schools and colleges (a proposal which has doubtless met with the warmest approval of young Portugal), and to refuse what is in effect the chief, if not only, gold coinage of the country, English sovereigns (a proposal which, if carried out, would certainly not annoy either the Mint or the Bank of England). Portuguese salt-fish is too patriotic to travel in English bottoms; and Mr. PETRE must be forming quite a cabinet of returned medals. One incident—the presence of the American Minister at an anti-English meeting—must surely have been misreported. The ways of the American diplomatic service are peculiar and unconventional, as a natural result of its constitution; but they could hardly lead any one so far astray as this.

Other Foreign Affairs.

Of more real importance is the announcement that there is some chance of a working arrangement between the German and Czech parties in Bohemia, whereby the latter will abandon their extreme

Home Rule pretensions and the former their impolitic and childish abstention from taking part in legislation and the affairs of the country. This split has long been a source of weakness to Austria, and it is not obvious how it can have seemed to be a source of strength to Bohemia. In Crete matters would appear to be going ill, though the sources of information are neither abundant nor trustworthy. It would be a real public service if some newspaper which could be depended upon would arrange for an account of the actual state of the island, possessing some better claim to a hearing than the fact of its proceeding either from Athens or from Rome, or from Correspondents committed to atrocity-mongering on the spot. A Ministry has at last been formed in Spain under Señor SAGASTA. Something of a check for the German Government has been experienced in the rejection by the Reichstag of the Expulsion clause in the new Socialist Bill; but, as the Bill as a whole has been accepted by a considerable majority, there is no reason why any deadlock should occur. In France a fresh attempt has been made at a coalition of the various groups of the Right—a coalition, let it be hoped, which will not condescend to anything like the recent and disastrous coquettings with Boulangism. The terms of the Samoan arrangement between England, Germany, and the United States have been published, and are fairly satisfactory.

Miscellaneous News.

Some miscellaneous events of note have occurred. The failure of the jury to agree in what was called the blackmailing case was a distinct public misfortune, which can hardly be said to have been compensated by the light thrown, during a very long investigation, upon some exceedingly shady places of City life. In another case of a not wholly dissimilar character (*FAGGE v. the Financial News*) verdicts were returned partly for the plaintiff, partly for the defendant; and here, too, the disclosures were anything but edifying. The singular case of *MALAN v. YOUNG* terminated by an acknowledgment on the part of the judge that, if he had known some things that he did not know, he probably should not have heard it *in camera*, by a decision which assigned the oyster shells and the privilege of paying for them with great nicety to the two parties, and by a disclosure in the judgment of a succession of wrangles and pettinesses such as the outrecuidance of the general male public believes, or at least asserts, to be peculiar to women, parsons, and schoolmasters. The verdict in the Coroner's inquest on the Forest Gate fire, though, on the whole, well justified by the evidence, can hardly be said to be satisfactory, for that so large a number of lives should be lost by nobody's fault is a sufficiently disquieting thing. The jury were probably justified in holding that no one failed in his appointed duty; but there certainly must have been a lack of imagination somewhere. For it never seems to have struck any one that fires in schools and similar establishments are not unheard-of things, and that some arrangement for what is to be done in case of one is only a little less necessary than arrangements for the ordinary use of dining-room and dormitory. The funeral of Field-Marshal Lord NAPIER on Tuesday provided Londoners with what they do not too often enjoy—a pageant—and the weather, which broke in the latter part of the day, held up long enough for it to be seen. But, as usual, there seems to have been some difficulty in mustering the necessary number of troops. The stoppage of a Savings Bank—always an extremely unfortunate incident—has occurred at Chelsea. The deficit seems not to be large, being about four per cent. of the liabilities; but even this is a serious loss to small investors, and has the still worse effect of discouraging thrift. The bad weather of the last week or two, which had already been severely felt on the Atlantic, rose to a violent gale on Wednesday night, which caused great

damage and some loss of life on the Southern and Western coasts.

The Cork Guardians. The notorious Board of Guardians at Cork has at last exhausted the patience of the Local Government Board, and has been dissolved. The business of the city may, therefore, at last be done.

Bishop and Knight. Among the various subjects which have filled the correspondence columns of the papers during the dead season, few have been more hotly debated than tithes; and, in connexion with this, a curious passage of arms has taken place between Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the Bishop of St. ASAPH. The Knight ("against bishops excessively valiant," as was said of a famous Parliamentary prototype of his) accused the Bishop of "ecclesiastical courtesy," and of not knowing what national property means, expressing, at the same time, his belief that tithes which have come into private hands have ceased to be national property. The Bishop neatly referred him, in reply, to the young lions of the Welsh Parliamentary party, who clamour far louder against lay impropiators of tithe than against any other holders of it.

More Strikes. At the same time that accounts are being received of the transference of important items of London trade to Antwerp, a fresh Dock strike is announced, the agitator in charge coolly observing that the recent agreement was "not intended to be binding for ever." The lesson of Ireland as to settlements appears to have been well learnt. There will, perhaps, not be universal agreement whether it was wise to let off the man WEIR (who pleaded guilty to language amounting to an incitement to murder Mr. LIVESEY) on his own recognizances. Meanwhile, the fish-porters at Billingsgate have struck. Belgium and Germany are also much troubled with strikes among coal-miners.

The National Education Association. What is called the National Education Association (which appears to be an association for preventing those who wish to have their children instructed according to their own beliefs, and are prepared to pay for it, from enjoying this liberty) held a meeting last Tuesday. It is almost sufficient to say that Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS was a speaker and seconder of a motion to give an idea of the proceedings.

The Newfoundland Fisheries. The old and exceedingly troublesome question of the Newfoundland Fisheries has come up again in discussions both in the French Chamber and in English newspapers. The facts are that the French possess indisputable, but most inconvenient, rights, and that in the present temper of France towards England such rights are not in the least likely to be abandoned or cautiously exercised. Therefore it is hard to see what solution of the difficulty is possible. At the same time, if the French were indiscreet enough to urge their claim to exercise general police authority by their own ships in British waters, a handle, of which something might be made, would be given.

The Influenza. A hunt for the influenza bacillus has been started on the Continent, and two Vienna savants—Dr. WEICHELBAUM and Dr. JOLLES—claim to have run it down. Dr. JOLLES's bacillus is an ill-favoured animal with a dark-coloured head. In England Dr. SYMES THOMPSON has been lecturing on the same subject. His *signalement* of the microbe is more vague; but he thinks it is "very agile," "of unusual qualities," and particularly fond of fur garments. If such descriptions of the principle of a disease were to be found in mediæval documents—?

Obituary. The Duke of AOSTA's death at the age of forty-five was not the earliest in time of those which require note during the week. That position was shared (at the moment when last week was almost at odds with this, which was which, for the purposes of this Chronicle) by the decease of Mr. CHRISTOPHER TALBOT, the father of the House of Commons, a politician of a good type, though not much known to the public, and by that of the Rev. AUBREY MOORE, an Oxford divine of the younger school, who could be ill spared. But the ex-King of SPAIN is likely to remain at the head of the list as regards dignity. Duke AMADEO, twenty years ago, when quite a young man, made an essay in that very difficult class of tasks which may be called attempts at professional royalty, in perhaps the most difficult country of Europe for its exercise. He began under bad auspices, his WARWICK, PRIM,

being promptly assassinated; he had probably, as an Italian, less chance than another of success, and it cannot be said that he ever succeeded. Few and evil were his days as a King, and they left a shadow over the rest of his life, though no stain of any sort on his personal character. The head of the Jewish community in Great Britain, Dr. NATHAN ADLER, died on Tuesday, at a very advanced age. Dr. ADLER had been known by Gentiles as a man of ability and tact, and especially as having avoided, with the greatest success, the pushing self-advertisement to which the heads of Nonconformist bodies have sometimes stooped of late years, and of which a particularly unfortunate example was recently given in the case of a body which, from the splendour of its history and the dignity of its claims, might be expected most of all to abstain from such conduct.

MR. GLADSTONE ON INFLUENCE AND CONVICTION.

MR. GLADSTONE has spoken at Chester, and it appears that Mr. GLADSTONE has not spoken at Chester since 1866. The date is interesting to his memory, for it was just then (as he remembers) that some people were odd enough to think that sensible reformers should cease reforming. (It was also just after Mr. GLADSTONE was turned out of the representation of Oxford University; but he did not mention that.) Mr. GLADSTONE, with modest triumph, refers to this singular opinion, and also to the immense amount of reforming that he has got done since. It has been done; therefore it was a mistake to think that it ought not to be done. This curious misuse of the *fait accompli* has of late years been very common with Mr. GLADSTONE and his party. "So-and-so," they say, "is an incapable politician." "Why?" "Oh! he opposed such-and-such a thing, and such-and-such a thing has been done." "But ought it to have been done?" That is a point on which they do not enter. Their argument and Mr. GLADSTONE's argument seems to be:—"I have cast down x cocoanuts from sticks during these twenty-four years. Therefore it is clear that at the beginning of the 'twenty-four x cocoanuts had got to be cast down, and it would have been wicked not to do it." A more curious instance, we must repeat, of deification of the *fait accompli* would be hard to imagine, impossible to discover.

We do not propose to examine in very great detail Mr. GLADSTONE's observations on current politics. They do not appear to have been found very exhilarating by his partisans, and they do appear to have been principally directed towards the furnishing of texts for Gladstonian speakers in the preliminary fights over the Partick election. Some points, however, invite a little comment. Mr. GLADSTONE would not say a word about the quarrel with Portugal; but still, if it should happen that any little opening presents itself at a future date for saying a word, Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to point out that he used in a pointed way the term "regret" about the incident. If, on the other hand, no such opportunity occurs, Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to take credit for having dilated on the necessity of "avoiding cavil and factious allegations, especially in matters of foreign policy"—Bulgarian, no doubt, and other. So, again, there is nothing to say against Lord SALISBURY's policy in the East; but still, if anything should turn up, Mr. GLADSTONE can refer to himself as the *vir pietatis gravis* who, at Chester on the twenty-second of January, told the SULTAN that he really must be careful. Barracks—healthy barracks—must be provided for soldiers, and certainly a Liberal Government (with which Mr. GLADSTONE had a good deal to do) did once raise money for barracks in just the way in which the Government are reported to be going to raise it. But Mr. GLADSTONE would nevertheless take the opportunity of nailing the principle of "expenditure out of income" to the mast, and letting the bygone practice take care of itself. England must have a great navy, and Mr. GLADSTONE's last Government admitted this in the most practical way; but Mr. GLADSTONE permitted himself just to slide in a hint as to the pity of it, the pity of spending money on navies. He would not "breathe a word of suspicion or misgiving" about the PARNELL Commission, but he would just point out that in the way of "oppression of individuals" there had been "no parallel to these proceedings since the evil reign of 'CHARLES II.'" You cannot, you know, say anything fairer than that or more distinctly abstain from hinting "suspicion."

"cion or misgiving." So also he would say nothing about Scotch Home Rule. But still it was a very remarkable thing that the majority of Scotch members (who happen to be Gladstonian, and therefore against the present Government of the country) had not been allowed to have their way recently. In short, Mr. GLADSTONE "would not presume to dictate," but, nevertheless, indicated the menu of the dinner with great precision. We cannot follow him into one of his favourite arguments about boycotting. But it is interesting to note that he quotes Mr. FOX, Mr. GREY, and Mr. SHERIDAN as having been against the Act of Union. That Mr. FOX, Mr. GREY, and Mr. SHERIDAN would have been against a declaratory Act to the effect that two and two make four if Mr. PITT's name had been on the back of the Bill, is a little detail which Mr. GLADSTONE did not think it necessary to put before the people of Chester.

But, for our part, we always prefer Mr. GLADSTONE when he soars to the generalities of politics. It is ten years, and more (alas! for the flight of time), since he enunciated the Doctrine of the Wicked Grandfather and the Principle of Centrifugal Representation; and we have always been sorry since to see the author of those two grand *aperçus* wrestling with the shallows and the miseries of mere DOPPINGS and MITCHELTOWNS. On Wednesday Mr. GLADSTONE had some flash of that old fire, for he drew an elaborate contrast between the Gladstonian, the Home Ruler, who acts from Conviction, and the Unionist, the anti-Home Ruler, who obeys the dictates of Influence. Now this is an exceedingly interesting thing. Conviction, Mr. GLADSTONE tells us, will always beat Influence, and all the Conviction is on the Home Rule side. That is, we repeat, very interesting. In the first place, if it be so, would Mr. GLADSTONE explain how it was that Conviction waited so strangely for his own deliverances on the subject? Is it characteristic of Conviction so to wait? The ways of Influence we know. She says, "Hold this!" and they hold it. "This is the way to Downing Street," and they begin to step out on it. But Conviction surely is more independent, not to say more capricious, in her movements. How did it happen that the majority of what was then the Liberal party in England went to bed Coercionists one night, and woke up to be, after reading the papers, Home Rulers next morning? What incomparably agile Conviction-bacillus brought about this so wondrous thing? But this is not all. We speak as persons indifferent well acquainted with the world. Where are Mr. GLADSTONE's convinced Home Rulers? We go about, we keep our eyes and ears open, we listen in railway carriages (of all classes), we read newspapers, Gladstonian newspapers especially. But the convinced Home Ruler we find, when we do find him, to be the exception. As an exception, no doubt, he exists—rarely enough. Mr. JOHN MORLEY is a convinced Home Ruler because, on his own showing, the Irish will be so troublesome if they do not get Home Rule. Mr. FREEMAN is a convinced Home Ruler because of the Crown of DUSHAN, or the Cross of St. Sophia, or something of that kind; just as the attaché in *Philip* went to church "because he was good," "because his aunt was a bishop or something." Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON is a convinced Home Ruler, for what reason the God of the Comtists only knows. There are, perhaps, one or two other convinced Home Rulers. But Mr. LABOUCHERE? But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT? But Mr. ASQUITH? But Mr. this or that or the other? But still more the rank and file of the Gladstonian party? Does any sane human being who reads Home Rulers' speeches, talks with them, knows their ways, perceive a shred of conviction about them? Some of them, indeed, are convinced that "it will come," and think they may as well be on the winning side. Some are convinced that Mr. GLADSTONE must be right (but that is Influence, clearly Influence). Some are convinced that the Tories must be wrong (but that is Influence again). Some are convinced that the odds against a particular person being, let us say, Attorney-General or Archbishop, are less on the side unpopular with brains than on the other. But who knows a convinced Home Ruler as such, barring the distinguished eccentrics above referred to, in any rank of life, from peer to costermonger? For observe, a convinced Home Ruler must (1) have anticipated Mr. GLADSTONE; (2) must be able to say what he will do if the Parliament of Ireland turns recalcitrant; (3) must be aware of the past history of Ireland, and the present attitude of Nationalist feeling towards England. He must not embrace Home Rule as a

help to the accomplishment of some fad, political, religious, or social, of his own. He must have settled what it is likely to mean in itself, how far he will go in granting its details, what the teaching of history is about its probable consequences. He must be prepared to say also how far he will extend its principle elsewhere. If there be any such convinced Home Ruler anywhere, all we can say is that he is about the most modest man we have ever heard of. For he has kept himself rigidly off every platform, out of every book and newspaper, since the very beginning of the discussion, and has consented to herd with the *servum pecus* who followed Influence when she flew a certain Hawarden Kite four brave years ago.

THE AMATEUR CONFSSIONAL.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE has happened to say something somewhere about the Confessional, a "felt want" has, of course, leaped into existence. Many weak-minded persons who perhaps never heard of the Confessional before now desire to unburden their consciences, to confess their iniquities—and those of their neighbours. It is true that the Church of England provides a safety-valve for these emotions in the parson of the parish or some other "discreet and 'learned' person. It is also true that the ears of doctors, lawyers, parents, friends, and the "Ministry of all denominated nations," are open to the sufferers. But these resources are neither unfamiliar nor exciting, and it is with a view to making a good thing out of the desire to "fess"—like TOPSY—that an enterprising journalist proposes to start a new paper, *The Confessional*.

We are fortunate enough to have received a copy of the prospectus of *The Confessional*, and we offer a few extracts from this unparalleled document:—

THE CONFSSIONAL:

A Weekly Review of Private Felonies, Foibles, and Frivolities.

Conducted by THOMAS BLUDGER.

The need of a sympathetic listener in the press [says Mr. BLUDGER] has long been felt. The press, that glorious instrument of progress, has one fault—it preaches, it exhorts, it has an eye on private life, its heroic spies are everywhere, it denounces and detects. In its highest manifestations it unites the unction of a STIGGINS or a CHADBAND with the astuteness of a BUCKET. But hitherto the press has rather spoken than listened. It has advised on public and intruded into the most private matters. It has done all, and more than all, for mankind that the Church in its palmy days attempted. But it has not yet opened its ear to the private murmurs of those whose enemies are not landlords, employers, successful rivals, but themselves.

Ah, my brethren [cries Mr. BLUDGER, who has been in the Ministry], what enemy has a man like *himself*? To whom, in an age when the comforts of the Confessional are obsolete, to whom can men or women complain of the inner enemy except

To Me!

Let those who are conscious of a secret burden, who have a delicate question of conduct or courtship on their breasts, enclose their trouble, with five shillings in stamps, to *me*. In my new print, *The Confessional* (sixpence weekly) I shall receive their confidences and answer their questions. It is I who am discreet and learned; my discretion, like my erudition, has been attested in my conduct of various journals. The advantages of my wisdom, purity, and sympathy are now offered to the sad, and the morbid, and the heavy-laden. On the most delicate matters, which have taxed the skill of a SANCHO PANZA [can Mr. BLUDGER possibly mean *SANCHEZ*?] my experience is enormous, and my tact unimpeachable. Matrons, maidens, widows, may all depend on being answered in *The Confessional* with punctuality and dispatch. To reassure the most cautious, I may add that I have appointed a Jury of Eminent Old Women to aid me in my intimate researches, and to confirm my decisions. The names of persons confessing to me will not be submitted to them, except by desire. No precaution against "blackmailing" will be neglected. Answers and solutions of questions in casuistry will be given in *The Confessional* to initials or assumed names, as in the case of Double Acrostics and Puzzles, which will also be a feature in *The Confessional*. The more difficult and hard cases will

be settled by the votes of a majority of subscribers to *The Confessional*, and prizes (to be afterwards announced) will be given, half-yearly, to the best answerers.

For the purpose of increasing our field of usefulness, a copy of *The Confessional*, gratis, will be conferred on every one who will secure twelve new subscribers, the paper being posted on receipt of their subscriptions in full.

A few Confessions already offered will now be given, as examples to the mentally distressed:—

I.

SIR,—A secret sin against my family and my convictions has long lain heavily on my conscience. What would you advise me to do? Is there any way of remedying the hasty action of a thoughtless moment? Sir, I am—alas! my knuckles tremble as I rap out these remarks to my amanuensis, MRS. WASHINGTON WINKS, the Eminent Inspirational and Trance Medium [adv.].—I am—ah! how even you will shrink from me—I am, a Suicide.

There, it is out; my bosom is unpacked of this perilous matter. I feel free as air, gay as only the disintegrated can be. Nevertheless, an answer, through the columns of *The Confessional*, will oblige. I enclose five shillings of marked postage stamps from the Dead Letter Office, and remain,

Yours gratefully,
EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

II.

SIR,—Unknown and unsuspected, even by the very acutest reviewers, I have been guilty of one of those crimes which are particularly odious to a nice morality, stap me! You may know my name; you have often published (though, I admit, with flattering inaccuracies) estimates of my professional income, and accounts of my appearance, dress, and private proceedings in general. But even you do not know all. I am SPANKER SMITH, the, alas! too popular novelist and devotional writer. And now for my secret. Sir, the very ink blushes in my pen as I write. I am a Plagiarist. The plot of my story, *Stricken*, is conveyed from Dr. WATTS's *Hymns for Infant Minds*, and my *Sidereal the Seer* owes more than I like to admit to an obscure old book, *Evelina*, by Miss BURNEY. What would you advise me to do? Should I make public avowal of my guilt; and can this be done in *The Confessional* without extra charge? Or will my example only lead others astray? Tell me; for you only are truly great and wise; tell me, console me, and aid

Your forlorn,
SPANKER SMITH.

P.S.—In replying please answer to "Contrite."

III.

SIR,—Them goings-on of Missus and the Capting is more than a parlour-maid is paid for being a witness to them. Oh, my poor, poor Master! What is a poor girl to do? and is it my place, Sir, to warn Master, or speak, like a hangel of purity, to Missus, and try to touch her hard art? Please direct me, and relieve the evvy-loadened buzzom of

MARY JANE.

P.S.—No relations to Mr. G. R. SIMS's.

With these specimens [says the Prospectus] the most inexperienced in confession can hardly go wrong. Pour out, then, your feelings, and recommend *The Confessional* to your friends.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers will find in *The Confessional* an unequalled medium, owing to the peculiar character of its clientèle. This hardly needs insisting on. *Verb. sap.*

Such are the promises of this unprecedented journal, whose conductor must seem a most original man to every one, except, perhaps, to the gentleman who edits Answers to Correspondents in the *Family Herald*.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

THE discussion about Mr. GLADSTONE's successor still goes on. As we lately intimated, it is a little premature. The mantle of ELIJAH did not fall upon ELISHA until the elder prophet had been carried up by a whirlwind into heaven. ELIJAH still wears his mantle; and, though there is a good deal of whirlwind about it, it does not as yet, happily, show any signs of blowing skywards. Mr.

GLADSTONE has, indeed, long talked about his own retirement. He has intended it, off and on, for nearly a quarter of a century, and fifteen years ago bade farewell to official life in terms so solemn that they ought either to have been acted on or not to have been uttered. He talks about it still, and now and then stimulates the—we will not say criminal—ambition of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT by weird references to the coming on of time, and a "Hail, Premier 'that shall be!'" There is, however, a natural reluctance in the mind of every one, except that illustrious man himself, to accept Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as Prime Minister. Leader of the House of Commons, if no better may be, but not head of the Government. As we pointed out a fortnight ago, there is a disposition to look to Lord SPENCER as a harmless, well-intentioned sort of man, who will lend what may prove to be a much-needed respectability to the Radical Government of the future. Sir GEORGE LEWIS was of opinion that the chief duty of a Prime Minister is to keep his Cabinet together. That was the great merit of Lord LIVERPOOL, and Lord SPENCER might be not less capable than he of acting as a sort of amalgam to hold together warring elements. The suggestion shows curiously how the old Whig traditions survive even in the New Radicalism. Mr. LABOUCHERE insists that a Radical majority means a Radical Ministry, that the Prime Minister must be in the Commons, and that one of the first acts of the new Government must be the abolition of the House of Lords. Nevertheless, opinion points to a Whig Prime Minister in the Lords, chosen, like the mute inglorious ROCKINGHAMS and PORTLANDS of an earlier day, on the ground of long lineage, high character, great possessions, and not very considerable abilities.

An eminent statesman used to say "Anybody will do for Prime Minister; tell me who is to lead the House of Commons, and I will tell you the character and fortune of the Government." Mr. LABOUCHERE has informed the world, through an American periodical, that the only two men on his side of the House who excite the slightest degree of popular enthusiasm are Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. LABOUCHERE adds with a sigh of gentle rebuke, is somewhat versatile in his political convictions, while Mr. JOHN MORLEY, if he has a defect, is a shade too conscientious. There never was such a conscience in public life as Mr. MORLEY's, at least within Mr. LABOUCHERE's experience. His scrupulousness verges, perhaps, upon impracticability—a fault which leans to virtue's side; but, perhaps, as Parliamentary human nature is constituted, still a fault. Cannot some one be found who is more steady in his political convictions than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and yet not so tenacious on minor points, upon which even a good man may be accommodating, as Mr. MORLEY? Mr. LABOUCHERE cannot think of any such person; at any rate, he does not name any. But the reticence of modesty should not be allowed to silence the voice of truth; and what Mr. LABOUCHERE declines to say for himself, an enemy—by whom he will admit that it is right, on some occasions at least, to be taught—has said for him. Why not, hints the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. LABOUCHERE himself? He is quite as respectable as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; a point on which we submit our judgment to that great organ of respectability. We do not pretend to have instruments so fine and delicately adjusted as this nice discrimination would require. He is more adroit than Mr. MORLEY. That we may admit with less hesitation. Perhaps the judgment which was passed on Mr. BAGNET's musical performances applies in some degree to Mr. MORLEY as a Parliamentary tactician—"Intentions 'good, but want of flexibility.'" Mr. LABOUCHERE in political life has been from the beginning what he is at present; and, whatever the degree of merit involved in that characteristic, is consistent with himself. He has always thought, or at least spoken, as he thinks, or at least speaks, now; and has a sort of narrow conviction that there is no more in the world than he is able to see there, and that there are no qualities in human nature besides those of which he is conscious. He is cynical and sceptical; but he is not a cynic affecting a lofty moral tone, nor a sceptic pretending to deep-seated convictions. Therefore, the suggestion of the *Quarterly Review*, even if it be not quite seriously intended, is not so utterly absurd as on the first blush it appears.

Another proposal has been made. The cry has been raised: "CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN for leader!" and questions have been asked—questions displaying considerable

Parliamentary ignorance—Who is CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN! and what has he done! The answer is that Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is member for the Stirling Boroughs, found salvation, and was made Secretary of State for War. His appointment to lead Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Mr. MORLEY would not bear so close a resemblance to the selection of Mr. GEORGE PONSONBY to control BROUGHAM and WHITBREAD as it might at first seem to do. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN managed the Irish members very well when he was Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. He did not lose his temper with them, as Mr. FORSTER sometimes did, nor fall into Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's reproachful more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger vein of sentiment. He declined to take them seriously, and they presently entered into the joke of the thing. For, though Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is a Scotchman, he is not without wit, which it is not in his case necessary to spell with a u. There is something of the *gamin* beneath all his demureness. These are good qualities; but they are not quite enough. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was thrown overboard, not because he was a JONAH whose presence endangered the vessel, but because, like the pilot in the regatta described in the *Aeneid*, he was too cautious a steersman, and, giving a wide berth to rocks and reefs, fell behind in the race. This would possibly be Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's danger; for, after all, he is a Scotchman, and Scotch caution sticks closer than the Scotch accent. It is curious, by the way, but irrelevant to remark, that no Scotchman has ever been Prime Minister since BUTE, and that no Scotchman since the Act of Union—unless, indeed, we count Mr. GLADSTONE a Scotchman born in Liverpool, as STEELE described himself an Irishman born in London—has led the House of Commons.

Perhaps all these speculations are irrelevant, or, at any rate, premature. Mr. GLADSTONE is where he is, and is likely to remain there. The time is probably distant in which goodness and he, like goodness and HENRY VIII. in BUCKINGHAM's pious aspiration, will sleep in one monument. He may possibly attend the political funerals of some of those who are wrangling about his inheritance. Though a man likes to talk of his own retirement, and of the brevity, at eighty years, of human life, it is not always agreeable to him to hear others doing so, and speculating on what will happen after him. The Chinese custom of preparing a man's coffin while he is yet only a-dying, and not dead, is pleasing compared with that of knocking up a man's political coffin and arranging the details of his political funeral while he is still very much alive. We do not wish to say anything discouraging or likely to give pain, but Mr. GLADSTONE's friends and colleagues will probably have to reckon with him much longer than they sometimes seem to fancy.

MORE STRIKES.

IT is clear that, if London escapes a renewal of the great Dock Strike of last summer, it will not owe the good fortune to the honesty or good sense of the Union Executives, as they love to call themselves. These bodies have elaborated rules of conduct which will make strikes chronic. Not only so, but they have succeeded in persuading many of the dock labourers to adopt them and exert themselves to secure their constant application. The outbreak in Bermondsey has not, as yet, gone very far. On three wharves the men struck for payment during the dinner-hour—or rather three-quarters of an hour. In two cases they have extorted concession from the employers. In the third the demand is still resisted, and some four hundred men are standing idle for this week at least. If this were an ordinary trade dispute, it would hardly deserve notice. Neither the length nor the magnitude of the quarrel is at all remarkable. But it is not an ordinary dispute. The point at issue and the manner in which the difference has been brought about are both deserving of notice and are significant of a great deal. They show the ferment which is still working among the men, and they are an undeniable warning of what may be expected to happen. When the famous compromise was arranged last September, it was expressly stipulated that the dock labourers were not to be paid for the dinner-hour. This was, in fact, the one important concession which the leaders of the Dockers were induced to make by the so-called Committee of conciliation, the busy little knot of go-betweens who took upon themselves to apply to the Companies that pressure

which was made effective by the apathy of the Home Office, the sympathy of the general public, and the exceedingly short-sighted selfishness of the shipowners. The concession, as it was called, was formally made by the representatives (as they were called) of the men. Yet within four months it has been revoked by the very persons who made it. One at least of those who signed the agreement has been conspicuous among those who have broken it. As on the first occasion, and many subsequent ones, the Bermondsey strike has been the work of the Union Committees. The step has been taken as part of a deliberate scheme. It may be that it has been partly an experiment. The Committees have begun in Bermondsey in order to try on a small scale what may be briefly repeated on a larger one. If so, the result must be satisfactory to the Unions. The surrender of two of the wharf Companies, though it is made with the proviso that payment for the dinner hour is only to be given till the 15th of April, and is then to be subject to revision, is an undoubted success for them.

The action of the Union managers should put an end to whatever doubt may still exist as to their character and aims. It is not necessary to inquire whether the Union Committee does or does not honestly think it is doing its best for the workmen. Whether the executives are inspired by that faith, or are merely anxious to justify their own existence and appear to earn their salaries, or—a possible supposition—have merely lost their heads through excitement produced by notoriety, the unwonted frequentation of the society of titled persons, lay and ecclesiastic, and the control of large funds, may be interesting questions. They are not, however, material. Under whatever motives or combination of motives these men are acting, it is undeniable that they entertain highly immoral notions as to the nature of a contract, and cherish a considerable delusion as to the extent of their own power. Mr. MANN has quite frankly, not to say cynically, confessed that he never considered the clause in the September agreement regulating the dinner-hour payment as binding. He never supposed, he said, when asked whether he had not made a promise, that the agreement was to last for ever. So, trade being good, he has had it broken in four months. A more satisfactory demonstration that no promise a Union can make is worth the paper it is written on could not well have been given. We now know that agreements are no security against fresh demands. The spirit in which new claims will be made was not badly illustrated at the last open-air meeting of the gas-workers. One of the speakers remarked, with a charming simplicity, that the men must never go back to longer hours—and must, indeed, always keep on demanding shorter ones—otherwise their condition would never improve. This candid profession of faith is not unamusing, if only because it supplies so neat a parody of the theories of progressive politicians. The oracle of the gas-workers has, apparently, convinced himself that progress consists in advancing from an eight-hour day to a seven-hour, and so on, if not *ad infinitum*, at least to that happy termination at which it will be all pay and no work. Talk of this kind may seem as much mere idle folly as the SIM TAPPERTIT swagger of WEIR, which has been followed by such humble submission. But it has an undeniable gravity. Folly it is, but it is not confined to a few spouters. It is only the rather exaggerated outward and visible sign of a belief which is too obviously strong among workmen. We need not suppose that it is universal, and it would be silly, indeed, to think that it is not destined to cruel disappointment. But, even if it be only partial, and the inevitable end comes quickly, the delusion encouraged by artful wirepullers and foolish sympathizers may last long enough to do great mischief. The unsettled state of mind of the men, the vague hopes and misplaced confidence which inspire them, are more convincingly illustrated than in speeches by the manner in which work is being done on the river and in the docks. Lightermen and Dockers, so say very good witnesses, are everywhere dawdling over their work, and showing a tendency to draw in advance on the joys of that Land of Cockayne on which they seem to believe that they are entering. The Unions, which heartily agree with the Bishop of LONDON as to the probable effects of competition on wages, are at once limiting their numbers and insisting on the exclusion of all non-Union labour. They aim at obtaining by combination such a monopoly of dockwork as the lightermen enjoy on the river by charter. Lightermen and Dockers are convinced that they can go on diminishing the amount and quality of their work, while increasing their wages, without

destroying the trade by which they are fed. In the meantime the casual dock labourer, for whom the whole strike was supposed to have been made, finds himself shut out by the friendly Union, and is, if anything, worse off than before. As usual, it is the strong who have profited at the expense of the weak. They do not mean to be deprived of the benefits of their strength, and are even—which also is not unusual—quite ready to abuse it.

Shippers, wharfingers, Dock Companies, and other employers of labour on and about the river can now see clearly the very possible danger before them—strong delusions among their workmen, and in the minds of Union Committees (the English equivalent of the American boss, the managers of the machine) a settled determination to use the force they can dispose of without the least regard to their own promises, and with a total blindness to the very possible practical consequences of their policy. Some of these employers richly deserve the annoyance they may have to endure. They helped to set up the Union Committee, they carped at the Dock Companies, and thought it a smart thing to let the wharfingers into a trap. They are now finding out that the power which they supposed they were using was, in fact, using them, and is as like as not to proceed to squeeze them. But, unluckily, they cannot be made to tumble into the pit which they helped to dig for another without the infliction of very serious damage to the position of London as a commercial port. It may be the case that the capital has grown large enough, and that no great harm would be ultimately done by the transfer of part of its business to other cities in the country. But, in answer to that optimistic view, it may be alleged that the process of transfer would entail an amount of dislocation which would inflict much suffering on employer and employed alike. Moreover, it is by no means certain that the business which went from London would not go out of the country altogether. Antwerp is both ready and able to take it. Therefore it is to be hoped that a struggle which would certainly do great immediate local mischief and might have disastrous general effects will be avoided. If, however, it is to be forced on—and we are by no means certain that this is not what lies before us—then it must be faced in a very different way from the last. There must be no more shirking and self-seeking on the part of shippers, merchants, and other employers. They must understand that, as the danger is common, so should the defence be. Scotland Yard must be made to model its conduct on the precedent of the Gas Strike, and not on last August. No more attention must be paid to Committees of Conciliation. Lord Mayors, Cardinals who are emotional to order, and babbling M.P.'s must be left to go popularity-hunting by themselves. When it is found that they are no use as go-betweens, they will soon be dropped by their workman friends. If there is to be a fight, it ought to be a thorough one. In the meantime it is worth pointing out that Mr. MANN has destroyed the agreement of last September. What is not binding for ever on one side is not binding on the other. By the very act of releasing themselves from the promise not to demand payment during the dinner-hour the Union leaders have set the other side at liberty. The Dock Companies and wharfingers can, therefore, in case of need, revert to the scale of pay and conditions of work which obtained before the 4th of November last. Since the casual labourers have discovered how heavy the hand of the Unions can be, they will probably be readier to take service if they are properly protected. It will be the business of the Home Office to see that they are protected, and of the community to see that the Home Office does its duty—or changes its Secretary of State.

GRANDE COLÈRE DU PÈRE WADDY.

THOSE who are interested—and who is not?—in newspaper controversies of a personal character conducted at a somewhat elevated temperature, have doubtless derived considerable entertainment from a correspondence which has been going on for some time past in the columns of the *Times*, under the heading of "Mr. WADDY and his Critics." The issues, however, between the contending parties have, as is not unknown in such cases, multiplied somewhat confusingly in the course of the dispute, and it may be convenient, therefore, to set them forth as accurately as we have been able to collect them, in the order in which they have arisen. The questions, then,

which have been raised by Mr. WADDY's critics appear to be the two following:—

(1) Is a youth of seventeen the same thing as a boy of nine?

(2) Is a sentence of one month's imprisonment for the offence of intimidating a farmer the same thing as a sentence of one month's imprisonment with hard labour for throwing stones at the police?

On Mr. WADDY's side the questions raised would seem to be these:—

(1) Is Mr. SAMUEL DANKS WADDY the same person as Mr. HENRY TURNER WADDY?

(2) Is a statement made by Mr. HENRY TURNER WADDY the same thing as a statement made by Mr. SAMUEL DANKS WADDY?

Now, assuming, as we may perhaps safely do, that neither of the two parties is prepared to answer any one of these four questions except in the negative, it would follow that the persons, whoever they are, who unadvisedly maintained or implied that the questions, or any of them, were to be answered in the affirmative are in the wrong, and are bound to confess themselves to have got to that extent the worst of the dispute. Whence, further, it would follow that, as it was Mr. HENRY TURNER WADDY, and not Mr. SAMUEL DANKS WADDY, who maintained that the youth of seventeen was a boy of nine, and that intimidating a farmer is the same thing as throwing stones at the police, the "Irish Liberal" who confounded the WADDIES ought with shame to retract his accusation, while Mr. SAMUEL DANKS WADDY, who did not confound the ages of seventeen and nine, and the offences of intimidation and stone-throwing, ought with proud humility to demand and receive an apology from the "Irish Liberal."

Such, we say, would have been the due and inevitable upshot of the controversy—if only this had been all. But, unfortunately for Mr. SAMUEL DANKS WADDY (hereinafter called Mr. WADDY the elder), it was not all. While disclaiming identity in the strict sense of the word, as he had, of course, every right to do, with Mr. HENRY TURNER WADDY (hereinafter called Mr. WADDY the younger), he was impelled, in consideration of natural love and affection, or possibly from some other cause not wholly unconnected with political animus, to identify himself, in the figurative sense of the term, with Mr. WADDY the younger. "I believe," he said, with a touching paternal confidence too rarely exhibited in these days, "I believe every word of the anecdote." Every word, he it observed; that a young man is a child; that seventeen is nine; that a farmer is a policeman; that to intimidate a farmer is to stone the police. All these propositions affirmed or implied by Mr. WADDY the younger were adopted by Mr. WADDY the elder, thus enabling the "Irish Liberal" to contend that, though his first proposition confounding the two WADDIES was false, his second proposition implying that a statement made by the younger is the same thing as a statement made by the elder was substantially true. The "Irish Liberal," of course, was not slow to push his advantage. He obtained an extract from the Keenagh Petty Sessions Book, in which it is officially recorded that JAMES COSGRAVE and THOMAS QUINN (the offender in question) had been sentenced, the former to three months, the latter to one month's imprisonment, for intimidating one WILLIAM NUTLEY. Upon the production of this evidence Mr. WADDY the elder delivered himself as follows:—"With regard to this incident Mr. HARRINGTON vouches for one version and this anonymous writer" (O Mr. WADDY the elder! the official record of a Court treated as the statement of an "anonymous writer"!)" "supports the other. There does not seem to be much difference in principle between them." What, then, is the "principle" of a child, of the number nine, of a policeman, of a stone, that there is "not much difference" between it and the principle of a young man, of the number seventeen, of a farmer, and of an act of intimidation? This Mr. WADDY the elder did not explain; but in his next letter he thought it expedient to climb down at least a branch or two. He "may be right or wrong in his version of the Keenagh case"; he may be "mistaken in believing Mr. HARRINGTON until he has been confuted by somebody with a name," in addition to the official records of a Court. The "Irish Liberal's" extracts from these records and his statement about the mother (another piece of documentary evidence, being an extract from the Ballymahon Workhouse Registry, showing that THOMAS QUINN was admitted with his mother into the workhouse at the age of four in 1876) "may all

"be genuine." And in Mr. WADDY the elder's latest letter the whole cock-and-bull story has become "an anecdote which is (probably) shown to be inaccurate." Yet Mr. WADDY the elder still contends that "all this does not concern the present controversy, and he refuses to discuss it."

Unhappy Mr. WADDY the elder! It *did* not concern the original controversy, and but for his own paternal Quixotism it never need have concerned it at all. But now it does concern the present controversy very intimately indeed; it affects it so closely, in fact, as to entirely transform the relations between himself and the "Irish Liberal," and to convert what would otherwise have been a lost game for that too adventurous player into what must be to him a most welcome "draw." Mr. WADDY the elder does not, it is true, appear to perceive this; but that is no unusual state of mind on the part of a player who has thrown away the game. After he has made fifty more moves or so in the attempt to "mate" (if the *Times* permits him to make so many) he will, perhaps, have convinced himself that he cannot do more than draw the game. In vain does he vapour about his adversary having "made gross misstatements," and "upon them founded an attack intended to disparage my accuracy and reliability as a public man." That would have been all very well if he had confined himself to the "gross misstatements" of his enemy, and said nothing about similar productions from a quarter nearer home. Unhappily for him, however, he went out of his way to father—or rather to grandfather—a story which, for utter and absolute perversion of the truth, stands high even among the efforts of the Parnellite imagination. He went out of his way to declare that he "believed every word of this anecdote," and he stayed out of his way to oppose a madly obstinate resistance to the truth when it was brought home to him in such a form that not a Queen's Counsel only, but the juniorest of juniors, might have recognized the necessity of accepting it with as good a grace as might be, and retiring with all possible despatch from an untenable position. "Νήπιος not to have seen how completely himself he away gave," as the poet says, by these singularly maladroit tactics. For now, when he formulates his four complaints against the "Irish Liberal," what sort of a figure do they cut? Where is the grievance of (1) "the attack intended to disparage his accuracy and reliability as a public man" when he has himself so fatally disparaged these qualities by believing every word of an anecdote which his son borrowed from Mr. HARRINGTON's "Diary of Coercion," and thus adopting the fiction which he so indignantly denied having assisted to circulate? How, again, can even the kindest public sympathize with Mr. WADDY the elder under the affliction of (2)—the fact that, "his adversary's attention having been called to the untruth, he deliberately maintains it, knowing it to be false"? For what else, the kindest public must ask, did Mr. WADDY the elder himself do when his "attention was called" to the untruth which Mr. WADDY the younger had borrowed, no doubt unwittingly, from Mr. HARRINGTON, and which Mr. WADDY the elder had taken to his grandfatherly breast? Did he not "deliberately maintain," in the sense that he pointedly refrained from withdrawing, that untruth, which he could not help "knowing to be false" after he had the evidence of official records to that effect? And, though it may be very wicked of the "Irish Liberal" to (3) "try to avoid making due reparation for his wrong" by suggesting that Mr. WADDY the elder "had composed a speech and some letters of which he knew nothing," and to (4) "couch his various allegations and insinuations in offensive language," and "shelter himself under an anonymous and deceptive signature," yet the heart that can feel for another cannot bleed for these things when we observe that Mr. WADDY himself tried to avoid making due reparation on his own side by the highly "offensive" suggestion, or "insinuation," that his adversary's "alleged extracts from the police-court records" may not (as is, of course, implied in saying that they "may") be genuine; and when we further find that the "anonymous and deceptive" signature of "Irish Liberal" has so effectually concealed his identity that Mr. WADDY feels himself in a position to exclaim against him for having launched his charges "against a man with whom he has been on terms of friendly association."

No; it is impossible for the impartial onlooker at this obstinate fight to deny that the personal claims of either party to a withdrawal and apology from the other as nearly as may be balance each other. Hence he cannot consent to

regard Mr. WADDY as a man with a grievance. The position seems to him to suggest the inquiry:—

'Gin a Waddy back a Waddy
Through and through a—
"gross misstatement,"
'Gin a bodv trounce a Waddy
Need a Waddy cry?

Meanwhile we should be glad to hear from Mr. HARRINGTON, whose tactics hitherto—to employ a startlingly original illustration from a modern work of fiction—have hitherto been strictly modelled upon those of "Br'er Rabbit."

THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

THE French Chambers have as yet not had time to give more than slight indications of what the present Session, which cannot be other than important, is likely to produce. During the preliminary Session, the new deputies certainly did nothing to prove that they are likely to excel their predecessors in clearness of view or in discipline. Whether the recess has helped them to realize the strength of that universal desire for quiet and good administration which is said to animate the French nation remains to be seen. As yet the Chamber has had nothing more trying to deal with than another debate on the endless Newfoundland Fishery question and a scene. We deal elsewhere with the Fisheries, which were probably welcome to the Chamber as a means of postponing more contentious matters. The scene is hardly worth dealing with at all. MM. DÉROULÈDE, LAGUERRE, and MILLEVOYE, the dauntless three who required to be tapped on the shoulder by the Colonel of the Guard, were, in a French phrase, playing on a very old guitar. When they and their allies tried to assert their principles by yelling at M. JOFFRIN, they were using well-known tactics. If the scene produces any effect, it will be by convincing the majority of the Chamber that its discipline is not sufficiently strong. A solemn expression of reprobation, and even the awe-inspiring spectacle of the President putting on his hat, are not enough to control unruly members of this stamp. Something more is needed. A fine would, seeing that a Frenchman is rather less fond of parting with his money than another man, doubtless prove effectual. The curious vein of bunkum dignity which runs through the French character may make the deputies unwilling to adopt this effective remedy. Something else must, therefore, be found. Unless it is, the dauntless three will doubtless keep on demonstrating, and their more zealous Conservative friends will advocate public morality by banging the lids of their desks. This, the French—a people wonderful from the beginning—think noble.

The Chamber of Deputies will have need of all the discipline it can enforce before the Session is over. That combination of Moderate Republicans with amenable Conservatives, from which so much was hoped, shows no sign of becoming solid. The Ministry has as yet only escaped disaster by carefully abstaining from saying what it means to do. As soon as it makes some sign, it will be fortunate indeed if it does not make some one or more of the groups which have hitherto supported, or at least tolerated it, actively hostile. Speak it must before long. In the meantime independent deputies are exerting themselves to provide contentious matter. The Press Bill of M. REINACH would alone suffice to give the Ministry and the Chamber a month's work. M. REINACH—himself a journalist *bien pensant*, no doubt, according to the orthodoxy of the day, but still one of the trade—proposes boldly to ask the Chamber to limit the liberty of the press. Whatever some of his colleagues may think of this procedure of his, it is certain that he will receive not a little support from public opinion. The length to which mere libel and personal abuse have been carried of late has created a wish that the press may be brought under some better control than is supplied by the law as it stands. M. REINACH's new zeal for the purity of the press may be, no doubt, largely attributed to the fact that the worst sinners in French journalism have of late been the Boulangists. But he can hardly provide an instrument fit for chastizing them without also providing a rod for the back of other offenders; and there are many in France who would be glad enough to see it done. The question, however, is just how to do it; and there will be ample matter for difference on that point. Many who would agree with M. REINACH as to the end will be disinclined to help him to hand press cases over to the Police Correctionnelle, and so take them from the jury.

Thorny as it is, however, the press law is a small matter in comparison with the financial and commercial situation which the new Chamber must face. A floating debt of 60,000,000*l.* has to be funded, and new resources must be provided to meet it. How to provide them without imposing fresh taxation, which France is most unwilling—and, indeed, in spite of its wealth, is ill able—to bear, or without, on the other hand, heavy reduction of expenses, which, for one reason or another, is hardly possible, is the task set to the Ministry; and we know of no other of equal difficulty lying before any body of governing men in Europe. The Protectionists are ready with a remedy; but conflicting interests and treaty obligations are in the way—and, moreover, many of the Republicans are convinced that Protection is itself responsible for much of the financial difficulty in France. Altogether, the position is one from which much abler men than the French Ministers could hardly be trusted to extricate themselves.

THE DIVERSIONS OF SHERBORNE.

THE reputation of Sherborne School and its Headmaster will scarcely be much increased by the judgment of Mr. Justice DENMAN in *MALAN v. YOUNG*. A more ridiculous case was never brought into Court, and the contemptuous damages which Mr. MALAN receives are exactly what he deserves. Mr. Justice DENMAN, upon his elevation to the Bench, was regarded as an ideal arbitrator, and the laborious manner in which he has gone through all the issues involved in this dreary squabble is more worthy of him than of them. The law is very simple, and as for the merits there are none. Mr. YOUNG, we observe, received a demonstration upon his return to Sherborne, and he will no doubt regard the cheers of his admirers as a proof that his work has been what he calls "visibly blest." But fathers of families, who take the trouble of wading through Mr. Justice DENMAN's detailed examination of dismal trivialities, will probably feel that a Head-master of more businesslike habits and less unctuous style would be preferable. Mr. Justice DENMAN began his remarks by a long and rather confused apology for having heard the mutual grievances of these precious litigants in a private room. Having pointed out at the time that such a course was very doubtfully legal, and would inevitably do more harm than good, we are not surprised to find Mr. Justice DENMAN admitting the truth of our strictures. He now says that, if all the authorities had been brought before him, he would have insisted on publicity, thus acknowledging that he did what he had no right to do. He further admits—what, indeed, logically follows from the former acknowledgment—that the privacy conceded to the request of both parties turned the trial into an arbitration, that his decision as arbitrator is therefore final, and that no Court is competent to review his judgment, which is really an award. So much for the legal aspect of the question, on which it will be seen that Mr. Justice DENMAN absolutely surrenders. Now for the practical advantages of this irregular procedure. The names of two boys have, indeed, been kept out of the newspapers. But Mr. Justice DENMAN felt himself compelled to explain, before dealing with the evidence on either side, that neither the plaintiff nor the defendant was accused of personal immorality. As soon as the judge comes to tell the story, every one can see for himself that such a notion is the wildest absurdity. But the judicial disclaimer proves that such an idea was entertained, and, as its only possible origin is the secrecy of the proceedings, we have a sufficiently emphatic comment on the ostrichlike wisdom which ignores the primary instinct of human nature to suspect the worst.

To appraise the character of this trumpery dispute, and the temper in which it was conducted, one or two quotations from the written and spoken words of the plaintiff and the defendant respectively will more than suffice. At a masters' meeting Mr. YOUNG said, "An insidious foe has 'lifted up his heel against me. Our hero MALAN has 'ceased to act as a sane man. His mind was unhinged. 'He assaulted me. His conduct was that of a lunatic.' An insidious foe would be very careful not to lift up his heel. But it seems that the 'insidious foe' was not 'our hero MALAN' at all, and that the accuracy of the whole report is involved in doubt. Who was 'our hero 'MALAN'? The terms of his engagement included this choice passage:—'I should ask you'—it is Mr. YOUNG who writes—'I should ask you to mix as much as possible 'with the boys in their games, and help them in the pre-

paration of their work; to be responsible for maintaining 'rules in our dormitory department of an evening; in 'short, to fill up that which is lacking, not in my will, but 'in my strength; and help me to feel that I have a friend 'at hand on whom I can lean without having to say, 'Do 'this,' or 'Do that,' and whose first object or care will be 'the good of the boys, and his last thought of himself.' Since NICHOLAS NICKLEBY applied for the post of private secretary to a member of Parliament, no such picture of mental and physical servitude has been drawn. The price of Mr. MALAN's body and soul was three guineas a week "all 'found." Personally, we should not have thought it good enough, and, on the whole, should have preferred the work-house, where at least one can escape from cant. But Mr. MALAN chose to take the situation, and, while complaining of "the collar," to wear it for the stipulated fee. The plaintiff's diary does not exhibit a contented mind. Here is one of the entries:—"Exam. commenced. Wholesale 'cribbing went on throughout." And though they wrote it all by rote, they did not write it right. On the pleasing subject of one boy being expelled without being flogged, and another boy being flogged without being expelled, there occurred a "stormy scene with H. M.," as Mr. MALAN calls it in his journal, when Mr. MALAN declared that he did not care a tobacco-pouch or a chair ("a most uncomfortable 'one") for all the Head-masters in England. Such was the delicate and dignified difference of opinion between two instructors of youth on which Mr. Justice DENMAN has wasted so many days. The Head-masters of England are not likely to offer Mr. MALAN a chair or even a tobacco-pouch.

TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

IT is satisfactory to know on the best authority that, whatever else the Government is going to do, it is its intention to deal with the Trustee Savings Banks and the Friendly Societies. According to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER the new Bill will be drawn on the lines of the recommendation made by the Committee of last Session. The proposal of the Committee was that the Registrar of Friendly Societies should have much more effective powers given him, in order, not only that he might hold really thorough audits, but be also able to wind up unsound concerns before they have time to do more mischief. This method of dealing with the banks and societies ought to commend itself to general approval. The first execution of his new powers by the Registrar may very possibly precipitate the smash of some rotten concerns which are at present living from hand to mouth by expedients. But the extent of the evil will be known, and there will be a reasonable hope of security for the future to set off against present loss. A Royal Commission would produce the same crash if there is to be any, and would not give the compensating security. For the rest, anything which is likely to happen would be better than the further spread of the distrust in these bodies which has been inspired by the scandals of the last two years.

The stoppage of the Chelsea Savings Bank which supplied the text for the appeals to Government is a much less serious misfortune than some which had gone before it. At the worst the loss of the depositors will be limited to some four per cent. of their deposits. It is not even sure that it would be so much, whether the trustees follow the example set them at Cardiff or no. In the first Report the accountants judiciously put the assets as low as possible, and it appears on further inquiry that more will be forthcoming to meet liabilities than had at first been supposed. The trustees and the accountant are to be complimented on the good sense they have shown in choosing the best of all possible means of checking a panic if one had taken place. Nothing has a more cheering effect on the human mind than the discovery that an inevitable loss is not going to be so serious as was feared at first. Further, it has yet to be proved that the stoppage of the bank has been produced by dishonesty, and not by want of judgment or carelessness. Still, at the best, it was an ugly business, and might have had serious results. The credit of Trustee Savings Banks and Friendly Societies generally is not good enough to stand many shocks. The depositor being at all times very much of a sheep, it was quite possible that, if the example had been set him, he would have gone running to his bank or Friendly Society all over the country with the usual results. Efforts to produce this disaster have not been wanting. Friends of the people, who always

appear on these occasions, have of course come forward to point out that the working-man has been robbed of his hard-earned gains by the selfish rich. Happily the limited amount of the loss which can be incurred, and the security that "something is going to be done"—a happy and soothing phrase which seldom fails of its effect—perhaps, too, the recollection of the fact that the trustees of the Cardiff Bank made good the losses of the depositors, have worked together to keep people quiet. The something which is going to be done will probably prove reasonably effective. We do not know that anything which has happened, or has been reported by Committees, is of a character to change the convictions of those who had persuaded themselves that it is always best to conduct business on business principles, and that the mixture of philanthropy and banking is likely, in most cases, to lead to very indifferent business indeed. But the Trustee Banks and Friendly Societies exist, and must be dealt with as they are. Government, having taken a certain amount of responsibility by legislating especially for them, must now go further, and assume full powers of control. The two things ought never in any case to be separate. In this case control can only be exercised by an official or department which is empowered to enforce a thorough audit and wind up concerns which are found to be in an unsatisfactory condition. The conferring of the powers on the Registrar of Friendly Societies may be found to have unexpected results. The Trustee Banks have been doing less business every year of late, under the stress, to some extent, of the competition of the Post Office. It is just possible that the new régime may accelerate their downward course. Trustees who took an interest in the banks on philanthropic grounds may not think it worth while to go on when control and responsibility are assumed by Government. Depositors will have as little reason as before to prefer the bank to the Post Office. Between the two the bank may vanish altogether. But that this would be a misfortune is not certain.

INCOME-TAX.

MR. GOSCHEN, in his otherwise excellent speech at Prince's Hall, was so far left to himself (or to his subordinates) as to repeat and insist upon the statement he made last year, that no special pressure has been exercised in the collection of Income-tax since his last remission of its abnormal rate. He may say so as often and as emphatically as he likes. He believes himself to be speaking accurately because his officers tell him that he is. All the same, no more totally inaccurate statement could be made on the subject; and the truth must be dinned into his ears until he finds time for a genuine personal investigation of the matter, which could lead to only one result. Let him ask Mr. BARTLEY. We do not know what Mr. BARTLEY's sources of information may be; but, if they resemble those to which we have access, there can be no doubt that his statement, that "tradesmen and others in all directions are 'having their Income-tax simply doubled,' though it may be exaggerated, is much nearer the truth than Mr. GOSCHEN'S. No doubt the evil is largely rooted in the abominable system of payment, in part or in whole, by poundage; and no doubt it would require a capable Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a strong Government, to undertake the abolition of that system. That is exactly why Mr. GOSCHEN ought to set about it.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES.

IF there be as much desire for peace on the other side of the Channel as there is on this, the two Governments must yearn to get together for the settlement in any tolerable way of the Newfoundland Fisheries dispute, which, as it stands, might force the two nations to the very brink of war without a word said from either Paris or London. It was while all France was in a transport of indignation at our bullyings of poor little Portugal that M. FLOURENS brought the Fisheries grievance before the French Chamber. To be sure, he was not suddenly inspired to do so. It is not as if M. FLOURENS had seen in the popular excitement at the wrongs of Portugal a choice occasion for dilating on the tyrannies and indignities which French fishermen are made to suffer in the Newfoundland seas. It has long been known that M. FLOURENS intended to take that matter up; and, since he had resolved to do so, it was

only natural, perhaps, that he should rather welcome than avoid an opportunity that gave force to his remarks. In England, however, we can but be sorry that it happened so, and that a man of M. FLOURENS'S distinction should bring popular excitement to bear upon a quarrel which must tax the coolest, most placable, and persuasive statesmanship to dispose of. As long, indeed, as French statesmen insist upon their interpretation of the rights of French fishermen in Newfoundland waters, it is hard to see how the dispute can ever be settled. What those rights are, according to a reasonable construction of the treaties on which they are raised (together with a candid consideration of a variety of altered circumstances which cannot be omitted from the argument), has been explained over and over again. The French rights, as they are interpreted by the Newfoundlanders themselves, are not only extremely inconvenient, but everlastingly fruitful of petty conflicts. That, however, we must submit to. But, in what really does seem very like a mere spirit of "cussedness," these rights are exaggerated to a preposterous extent; as when permission to fish for cod in certain waters, and to build temporary huts on shore for the drying of the fish—(but not to "erect any buildings" besides stages made of boards, and huts necessary and "usual for drying fish")—is turned into a right to take lobsters, and establish factories for the large and profitable "tinning" business.

It is not to be expected that the Newfoundlanders should submit to interpretations and claims of that character, or that, when such claims are raised, they should refrain from any lawful means of shutting their French competitors out of whatever advantages and conveniences can be denied to them. And if the Newfoundlanders insist on the support of the Government at home, even when the restrictions they can lawfully impose are obviously vexatious, how can it be refused to them? There are no means of bargaining, apparently, like those that have been resorted to elsewhere. The French are not to be bought out; for, national pride apart, these fisheries are regarded as of high importance to the State as a nursery for French seamen; and France has not many such nurseries, while her fleets are constantly increasing. The difficulty of settling a rather sordid little quarrel is therefore extreme; and yet, as we have already said, we have nothing of the kind on hand that is more likely to become dangerous on a sudden through the precipitancy of exasperation on the spot. Indeed, we must think rather worse of the prospect if we give weight to the speech which the French MINISTER OF MARINE made in answer to M. FLOURENS. Admiral KRANTZ seemed to say that in future the French cruisers would not acknowledge the right of HER MAJESTY'S ships to "police" the Newfoundland seas. The French fishermen, he is reported to have complained, have now to appeal to the captain of a British cruiser for protection (if a British cruiser happens to be on the spot) when they are disturbed in their lobster-catching. "This situation cannot be allowed to last any longer"; and when Admiral KRANTZ has issued instructions to the French naval commanders "those instructions will be 'obeyed.'" That seems rather threatening; but it is something to know that the MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS will look over the Admiral's instructions before they are issued. Here we have some security against a course of action which would not be tolerated for a month, and would not improbably lead to the burning of gunpowder in less time than that. Yet the Admiral's menace is highly illustrative of the inflammatory conditions of this unfortunate dispute. Fancy a KRANTZ in command of a French cruiser in Newfoundland waters, and we see at once what news might greet us in the newspapers any day; and we run some risk from intemperance on the other side too. Great, then, as the difficulties of a settlement obviously are, the utmost pains should be taken to get rid of a "question" which, though it is not of the first magnitude, carries with it possibilities of great misfortune.

CLUES.

THE police believe that they are in possession of a "clue to the mystery, which is being carefully followed up." Most people suppose that the English of this official form is "The police know nothing whatever about the matter, and have no expectation of ever learning 'anything.'" It may be, however, that this notion is erroneous, and that when the police say, or allow it to be said, that they are in possession of clues, they may not be

so disingenuous as a cynical public, judging only by results, is apt to imagine. The matter is one of so much public interest that we do not hesitate to relate the following true story of the last few days.

A professional man was, and is, the owner of a leather portfolio, suitable for the carriage of documents, which he bought some years ago for use in the pursuit of his vocation. Having a foreseeing mind, he came to the conclusion that some day this portfolio would be accidentally left in a cab. With the view of facilitating its identification and recovery whenever that emergency happened, he had it stamped on the outside, in large gilt Roman Capitals, with his initials and professional address, which were not A B C, 900 Piccadilly, but were quite as conspicuous. In the fulness of time—that is to say, last week—the prevision of “A B C” was justified, and he left the portfolio in a cab. The cabman brought it back to the address where he had deposited or whence he had rapt his fare, but did not find him there. Then, whether because it was not his business carefully to examine the article, or because 900 Piccadilly was not so convenient of access, he took it, as in public duty bound, to the Lost Property Office in Whitehall Place, and there left it in the custody of Mr. MONRO and his minions. In due time “A B C,” by himself or his agents, made inquiry for it at the Lost Property Office, and it was restored to him. And “phancy” with what joy that master did regard His dearly blud “lost” portfolio again in his own possession. Though in good humour with all the world, he asked before leaving the establishment whether it would have been contrary to regulations, seeing that his initials and address were “kenspeckle to behold,” to notify in Piccadilly the fact of the portfolio’s safety. An official person affably responded that the office was already in communication concerning the portfolio with the Reverend Mr. BROWN, of Yorkshire. And why, in the name of Fortune, wondered “A B C,” with Mr. BROWN? With an air of triumph the official explained that the office, in its sedulous care to restore their lost goods to HER MAJESTY’S lieges, had investigated the portfolio, had opened it, had extracted documents which it contained, had perused those documents, and had ascertained that, beyond all doubt, they were the handiwork of the reverend gentleman, and had originally emanated from Yorkshire. And he referred his questioner to a plainly printed notice exhibited on the wall of the office, setting forth that the regulations required that any “clues” there might be to the ownership of lost property deposited in the office should be diligently followed up. The authorship of business letters contained in a leather case, stamped with its owner’s initials and address, was manifestly a clue, which, if safely followed, might lead (circuitously) to the discovery of the owner of the article. Therefore, let no man henceforward assume, without a definite reason for doing so, that when the police are declared to be following up a clue they are not doing anything.

MR. GOSCHEN AT PRINCE’S HALL.

A SPEECH more full of matter than that which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER addressed to his constituents the other night at Prince’s Hall has seldom been delivered even by that master of pregnant and weighty discourse. It ranged over every subject of political interest, from the inevitable, but in this instance the briefly, and therefore wisely, handled topic of Irish administration and its critics to the Parliamentary prospect for the coming Session, taking the revival of trade, the Portuguese difficulty, and the Budgets of the past and future—with due reserve, it is true, as to the latter—on the way. Ireland naturally brought Mr. GOSCHEN into collision with Mr. BRAYCE, who, to the regret of his friends, was lately betrayed into cracking a too easily-retorted joke on Mr. BALFOUR’s popularity, and describing the last year’s legislation of the Government by an epithet which a century and a half ago was wont to be applied with about equal justice and good nature to his own countrymen. In his remarks on the improvement of trade Mr. GOSCHEN deserves praise for the courageous plain speaking with which, in a day of many cheap sneers on the subject, he upheld the just claim of the Government to the credit of having assisted in this revival of prosperity. To the question whether they had contributed thereto “in any single particular,” he unhesitatingly answers, “Yes. We can say that we have

“contributed something. We have contributed that feeling of confidence which every one knows is one of the conditions of national prosperity. I say, in all humility “but with firmness, that our administration of affairs at home and abroad has tended to create a feeling of confidence under which commerce and industry thrive with “greater boldness than if that feeling were absent.”

It is, however, hardly necessary to say that the passages which will be the most attentively studied in the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER’s speech are those which relate to the Anglo-Portuguese dispute. And of these the most valuable, we think, are those which deal, not with the crisis arising immediately out of Major PINTO’s proceedings, but with the relations existing for some time past between the British Government and that of Portugal. It is, of course, true that, if the recent incident stood entirely alone, the part played in it by this country would be easily and amply justifiable before any tribunal not consisting wholly of French journalists; but, nevertheless, it is not amiss to point out, as Mr. GOSCHEN has done, that the invasion of our South African territory is only the latest development of an activity which was aroused by English discoveries from a slumber of nearly two centuries, and which has since animated a policy persisted in by Portugal for some years past, “against the protests, the repeated, the “urgent, though the calm, protests of this country,” and in defiance of its just and historic claims. Nor is it superfluous to remind Englishmen—though, no doubt, it is useless to inform our impartial critics in Paris and elsewhere—that before the enterprising PINTO had recourse to “another method” of pushing Portuguese pretensions in South Africa, his Government had already attempted to close the Zambesi river to the import of the arms required to protect our missionary and trading stations against the incursions of the Arab slave-dealers; and that it was only by the adoption on the part of our own Government of a very firm attitude, and by the use of very resolute language, that we could obtain the requisite facilities for arming our people. And when, in addition to these evidences of deliberately designed aggression, it was found that the Portuguese were all this time arming secret expeditions, both to the south and to the north of the Zambesi, for the purpose of practically asserting sovereignty over territory to which they knew that their claim was absolutely denied by this country, it will, we think, be possible to satisfy the statesmanlike caution of Mr. GLADSTONE that, as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER says, “remonstrances had ceased “to be in place.”

Meanwhile, as it is always well to give both sides of a case, we are glad that Mr. GOSCHEN set forth what may be called the “sisterly view” of the situation, as expressed in the columns of that journal of which a late distinguished guest and “spear-friend” (*ex hoste factus hospes*) of Mr. GLADSTONE’S is an honoured proprietor. *United Ireland* comments, with complacency, on the report that German engineers were preparing to destroy any English ironclads that might be sent to the Tagus; and the Scotch Radicals, many of whom are greatly interested in the success of the South African Missions, will no doubt be specially edified by this new illustration of the “Union of hearts.”

THE FINANCIAL PRESS.

THE jury in the so-called Blackmailing Case were as nearly at sixes and sevens as twelve men can possibly be. After the evidence to which they had listened, the rival efforts of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir EDWARD CLARKE, and a summing-up which was certainly impartial in the sense of leading nowhere in particular, the result is not altogether surprising. It was, indeed, one of those peculiar cases of which an Irish judge once observed, “All “I can say is that, under the circumstances, I should have “disagreed myself.” A defendant ought not to be acquitted because the prosecutor is as bad as himself. But, at the same time, plain men of business, who are not lawyers, nor philosophers, nor theorists of any kind, dislike convicting the pot at the instance of the kettle. Mr. ABLETT and Mr. BEBRO and Mr. ROGERS may be much better men than Mr. MARKS and Mr. WOOLF and Mr. MARIX. But, as nobody has been found guilty of anything, we may say without offence that the difference is not perceptible to the naked eye. On the respective merits of the *Mining Record* as an unbiased organ of commercial opinion

and the Crystal Reef Company as a desirable investment for the savings of a lifetime it would be gratuitous recklessness to pronounce, even if there were parity of material in the things thus contrasted or compared. The prosecution was a private one, and perhaps a recognized agent of the Government would hardly have spent money in taking it up. Nor are people in general vitally interested in the success or failure of one side or the other. The public concern in matters of this kind is, to put it shortly, publicity. Whether this or that promoter of Companies is a rogue, whether this or that financial journalist can be "squared," the widow and the orphan and the speculating clergyman need not greatly care. But the whole community, and not merely these stock figures of melodramatic pathos, is the better for knowing how mining enterprises are floated, and how they are criticized in the journals which more especially deal with them. No one can doubt any longer, if, indeed, any one doubted before, that Companies with a nominal capital of many thousand pounds are raised, with the ease and rapidity of mushrooms, for as many shillings, or that there are journalists in the City who will denounce a Company as a barefaced fraud or extol it as an ideal investment according as they are or not bribed by the promoters. A special jury having failed on a single occasion to adjust the balance between these conflicting possibilities, it would be presumptuous for persons less intimately acquainted with the evidence to usurp their functions. But there may be safety as well as insidiousness in general statements, and, to the extent already described, each party has made out its case.

Of Mr. MARCUS BEBRO the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has drawn a rather graphic portrait. Mr. BEBRO, in Lord COLERIDGE's words, "seems to have had, since 1883, forty-five petitions in bankruptcy against him; and he is a financial agent, though he does not seem to have much finance; but he deals on a most magnificent scale with figures and Companies, and he had to do with many Companies; in fact, he deals in Companies, and you know, gentlemen, as men of the world, what that means." The protection of the criminal law was scarcely intended for people like Mr. BEBRO, who are usually able to take very good care of themselves. Mr. FAGGE, who obtained on Wednesday a sort of verdict from the *Financial News*, contented himself with bringing a civil action, which was a more reasonable course to pursue. Mr. FAGGE is a remarkable man, and he has achieved a remarkable degree of success. For the very jurors who found that he had been connected with an undertaking which he knew to be "bogus," nevertheless gave him damages to the amount of fifty-five pounds. It is true that they exonerated him from having misappropriated money at the church of "Arch-deacon" DUNBAR, and of having misconducted himself as a stockbroker. But it is a sign of the times more curious than satisfactory that an active participator in a dishonest concern should be treated as having a valuable character to lose. Baron HUDDLESTON refused to deprive the plaintiff of his costs, on the ground that the defendants had gone too far, as no doubt they had. But this Northern Transvaal Gold Mining Company was "bogus" from beginning to end. Its "property" in the Transvaal has never been discovered. The firms whose names were quoted as its agents are not proved to have had any existence, except on the paper of the prospectuses. Mr. FAGGE swore in an affidavit that he had paid five hundred pounds for an African farm, and swore in the witness-box that he had not paid a penny. He admitted that the present balance of the Company, to which a confiding public had subscribed two thousand five hundred pounds, was less than a sovereign. Yet he is compensated for loss of reputation because his "private life" has been attacked. The moral of these mean and shameful transactions is "Never read financial journals, and never invest in any Company without taking the advice of a responsible broker." But this advice will not be heeded.

THE CORK COUP D'ÉTAT.

IF what is true of countries is true of smaller areas—namely, that their inhabitants always have the sort of government that they deserve—there is no reason to compassionate the constituents of the Cork Board of Guardians, just extinguished by one of those beneficent *coups d'état* which the law empowers the Executive, under certain conditions, to effect. They desired it, apparently, the

electors of this remarkable body, when they returned as their representative the kind of person whom it appears that they delight to honour. If he who wishes the end wishes the means, so it may be said that, when the means point inevitably and exclusively to the end, the proposition may be stated with equal truth in the converse. For it is not as if their TANNER and his like were unknown to the simple-minded municipal electors of Cork, and as if they had no reason to suppose that electing him and his like would lead to any particular consequences. On the contrary, the fame of the great man, unless we are much mistaken, had gone out into all Irish lands or ever he became a Cork Guardian; certainly it had done so or ever he was elected on the last occasion. Therefore we are entitled to say, the character and potency of the cause being so well known that those who brought it into play must have done so with a direct eye to its effect, that those who wished their TANNER wished their "official extinction" also. Even if they agreed with the gravedigger that he "would last you nine year," they must have known that in that case his dissolution would have been long preceded by that of the Board to which they were electing him.

Nobody can say that the body from which Cork society has had to be saved by the departmental CÆSAR have not had abundance of rope. They were first warned as long ago as January 18, 1888, and again on November of the same year, with respect to their violation of the general order regulating the meetings and proceedings of the Board of Guardians; and on the 7th of August, 1889, the Local Government Board had occasion to write again to the Guardians, "pointing out that, owing to the disorderly opposition to the ruling of the Chairman at the meeting of the 1st of that month, and the consequent adjournment of the Board, the meeting broke up, leaving much important business undone." On this occasion they were told that, if they persisted in the same line of conduct, the Local Government Board would be reluctantly compelled to dissolve their Board, and appoint paid officers to administer the affairs of the Union; and they received another and, as they were informed, a "final warning," on the 2nd of October last. As they responded to this admonition by holding two more exceedingly irregular and disorderly meetings on the 9th and 16th of the present month, the order for the dissolution of the Board has now at last been issued, and dissolved it is accordingly.

There was a great opportunity for any one who could have played the part of MIRABEAU last Thursday to have treated Colonel SPAIGHT, the Local Government Inspector, as the great French "tribune" treated "MERCURY DE BRÉZÉ"—to have bidden him go, that is to say, and tell his masters that Dr. TANNER and others were there "by the will of the people" and would not be removed except by the force of bayonets. But there was apparently no MIRABEAU present, or no MIRABEAU the elder—perhaps the part of MIRABEAU-TONNEAU might have been more easily filled—and the consequence was that the Board broke up tamely enough, "after a few protests of a mild type"; and after the Guardians left, continues the prosaic and uninspiring report, "the business of the day was transacted by the Local Government Board's Inspector." This CROMWELL, however, is only temporarily in charge; and henceforward the affairs of the Union will be administered by paid Commissioners, whose appointment will last for two years or more. And we confess that, when we hear that it is anticipated that the appointment of paid Guardians will result in a saving to the ratepayers of from 5,000*l.* to 8,000*l.* annually, we cannot quite resist a suspicion that, not only the absence of a MIRABEAU, but the election of Dr. TANNER, and all that has followed it, may possibly be the result of a deep-laid scheme on the part of the respectable and economically-disposed portion of the constituency.

NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

January 21, 1890.

Αἰχμητὴς ὁδ' ἀνὴρ Ἰνδῶν λιβύων τε κρατίστας,
πολλὰ μὲν ἔργ' εἰδὼς δαίδαλ' Ἀρῇ δὲ πολὺν,
εὐπρεπίος τε λαχὼν βύτου θανάτου τ' ἀγασίῳ,
Ἀγγλος ἐν Ἀγγλοῖσιν κείται ὕδρομοῖνος.

BOTTLED LIGHTNING.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to the love which American journalists have for anything for the sake of its mere quantity, yet we are sometimes taken in by mere impudence of exaggeration. There has been lately a stand made against the growing ugliness and inconvenience of overhead electric-wires in the streets of New York and other places in the "States." The electric corporations are, however, strong. It was, therefore, necessary to frighten the public into insistence on the removal of the nuisance. This was done by a process more amusing than honest. Accidents were exaggerated into enormous dimensions, and new incidents were invented of the most startling character. A mild flirtation carried on through a telephone was tragically interrupted by a flash of fire which left the lovers lifeless corpses, and produced other pyrotechnic effects. Trams were made to bound about the streets like Victor Hugo's cannon, or like the semi-human locomotive in the Mexican mystery, "going for" innocent victims, against whom they shot burning flames; while overhead wires, descending with evil intent, forced you to clutch them with convulsive and unwilling grasp, while they poured a stream of electric agony through the twitching nerves till death came to release.

Of course most of these stories are of the "new journalism" type. But, at the same time, there is no doubt that accidents and fatalities have and will result from carelessness with respect to electric currents or rashness in their employment. Much the same remark, however, applies to four-wheeled cabs, plate-powder, lucifer-matches, guns, railway-trains, paraffin, and ordinary gas, besides many other articles of daily domestic consumption and utility. It is not unfrequent to read of a careless loafer being run over by a cab, of poisonous substances being mistaken for medicine, of matches carelessly left about setting fire to houses, of guns going off (accidentally) into vital portions of the human body, of railway accidents on large and small scales, of women being burnt alive from the upsetting of a lamp, of explosions, both in the streets and in houses, from the accidental ignition of a mixture of gas and air. These things are all sad; but, considering the average stupidity of man, they are inevitable. But because they occur we do not wish to forego the advantages of plate-powder and railway-trains—now that we have experience of them. When science first bends a force to the use of man, there must be a struggle until the slavery is complete. In some cases the struggle has never ended. From the earliest days of sailing till now, the force of the wind at its strongest has never been utilized with safety. But in the case of electric lighting, man is at once the producer and the consumer of the force. He need not manufacture more than he can control. When gas was first introduced fools and ignorant people blew it out, and then came back with a candle to see what the smell was. But inside a house, at any rate, accidents in the case of electricity will be the result of deliberate and elaborate mischief. Explosions cannot take place, and to set a house on fire by means of electric wires would require much more knowledge, ingenuity, and trouble than putting a match to the muslin curtains, or than emptying the contents of the grate on the floor and pouring a gallon of paraffin over them from a safe distance.

But there is at this moment a possible danger as to the magnitude of which men of science seem to have different opinions. It has been proposed by one of the Electric Lighting Companies of London to convey a current of terrific tension; and many people, reading from the American papers about jumping cars and charred lovers, have themselves jumped to the conclusion that, when walking over the mains of this Company, they may see the same sort of spectacle that Mr. Rider Haggard describes as the Rose of Fire—only beneath their own feet. It would certainly not be pleasant if it occurred. Fortunately we live in a world of fact and not of fiction. It is true enough that a very big blaze up could be made by an electrician if he set about it. It is also true that the tension proposed is quite sufficient to produce this. But it must be recollected that Electric Light Companies are controlled by the Board of Trade, who have shown by their use of their powers over the railway Companies, that they are at once conciliatory and firm. The Post Office, also, has interests in underground electricity, and can veto any dangerous proposal (from its own point of view). The public may, therefore, walk in peace of mind even over the mains of the highest potential, knowing that if by any accident it may be killed, the officials of at least one Government office will have to bear the blame, while the shareholders of the high-tension Company will bear the loss of the destruction of their mains and machinery.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(First Notice.)

THE most austere criticism must admit that Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley has got together a very amusing show in his exhibition of Sport illustrated by Art at the Grosvenor Gallery. In the first place, it is eminently national—so locally national, indeed, that we shall be very much disappointed if it does not provoke from foreign critics some entertaining remarks about the fancies and foibles of the English race and the erratic forms of its devotion to *le sport*. In the second place, it is novel, although we are amused to see what short memories our contemporaries

have, and to notice that not one of them seems to remember the interesting collection of sporting pictures collected, we think, in 1881, at the Westminster Aquarium. In the third place, it is eminently complete and representative, embracing falconry as well as hunting, pugilism (in strict moderation) as well as cock-fighting, and pheasant-shooting not less than coursing. The very entrance bristles with tigers and gemsboks; we walk up the stairs through panels of rare furs instead of tapestries, and are met at the turnstiles by, without exception, the most appalling Russian Bear ever seen out of the dominions of the Czar. This gentleman is standing on his hind legs, apparently frenzied by discovering that the electric light is inextricably wound into the fur of his bosom, just at the very place where the shortness of his paws prevents him from scratching himself. The Duke of Edinburgh has parted, for the time being, from this monster, who fell by the Imperial hand of the late Alexander II.

The trophies of wild-beast shooting form one of the most interesting and imposing sections of the exhibition. Mr. Littledale, who is the only Englishman who ever shot the great Thibetan sheep, *Oris poli*, sends a head (19). There is a show of all species of ivory, elephant tusks galore of course, narwhal horns, walrus tusks, hippopotamus tusks from St. Lucia Bay, and wild boars' heads as hirsute and as formidable as you please. Among the curiosities of the trophies are a pair of interlocked black-tail deer, and a baby elephant, only six months old, like a wizened antediluvian. Wapiti heads are so beautiful that it is no wonder that we find them here in abundance. Mr. F. J. Jackson, whose zoological expedition in Central Africa has crossed the track of Stanley, and is now supposed to be somewhere to the wild north of Nyanza, is represented by a number of the relics of his earlier campaigns, contributed by the Misses Jackson; and in the same way the specimens which bear the name of Mr. Selous are lent, in his absence in Africa, by his family. It is well to be reminded that, great as Mr. Stanley is, he is not the only man of talent and daring who has plunged of late into the mysterious depths of Central Africa.

The arms form a very curious and unique collection. Baron de Cosson exhibits a series of no fewer than twenty-three cross-bow bolts, including the rare whistling bolt inscribed "B.L. 1600," which was intended to rivet the attention of the animal by whistling as it approached it (51), and a "prod," or bow for throwing pebbles or clay in fowling (52), an arm which Queen Elizabeth is said to have cultivated. The guns in the West Gallery are arranged in octagonal revolving cases; most of these are old flint guns of various forms. It is curious to compare an antiquated breech-loading repeating flint rifle (100), lent by the Marquess of Breadalbane, with the latest breech-loading gun, hammerless and ejecting the fired cartridges (107), which bears the date 1890. Colonel Hambro lends the longest percussion fowling-piece in England (84), and Mr. Seymour Lucas a seventeenth-century Spanish gun (64). Great fancy and ingenuity are shown in the ornamentation of some of the accessories to these arms; for instance, the powder-flasks are highly curious and diverting. Mr. Joseph lends one which is made of a lobster-claw, mounted in silver, and Baron de Cosson another, of the seventeenth century, in buffalo horn, carved with the Judgment of Paris. The plate has a place of great importance in the history of English sport, and it is right that there should be here so many famous Ascot and Goodwood cups. But we think that nothing shows the barbaric taste of our ruling classes more forcibly than the ugly, heavy, and inappropriate designs and the slovenly execution of so many of these famous prizes; and the worst examples are those which belong most nearly to our own day.

In turning to the fine art, to the paintings which form the bulk of the exhibition, we cannot but be conscious of a divided feeling. We are not insensible of the manly and wholesome hereditary principle of which these honest paintings are the outward and visible sign. We rejoice that Englishmen for so many generations have delighted in horses and dogs, in shooting and hunting and coursing, and in all the healthy outdoor recreations of which these pictures give evidence. We would not have it otherwise; we think the *bal masqué* a poor exchange for the hunting-field. But we are bound to confess, if we turn from art as illustrated in sport to sport as illustrated in art, that the English painter has, on the whole, derived very little inspiration from the noble pursuits of his patrons, and that those patrons have been satisfied with a very mean and conventional measure in the art which has immortalized them. We could imagine an ingenuous Huron examining those hunting and racing subjects by John N. Sartorius, of which there are so many in this collection, and very genuinely not knowing what the objects were which are depicted upon them. The art of Sartorius would be a curious text upon which to preach a sermon upon the blindness of experts and the badness of technical criticism. Sartorius, without examples of whose work no country-house in a hunting county is complete, was born in the middle of last century. He was the son of a man who had painted horses before him, and for nearly fifty years he turned out the sort of groups which we see here with a mechanical rapidity. His studio was a factory of racing subjects. His work is inconceivably bad; his horses, his dogs, his men, have none but the most conventional resemblance to the rest of their race, so that it is difficult to understand how he could find a public. And yet, thanks to a certain patience in copying the incidents that distinguished one horse from another, Sartorius never failed to satisfy, and enjoyed a fashionable patronage, of perhaps rather a humble kind, which yet was rare indeed at the end of last century, and

which was universally envied by animal-painters. Before Sartorius there had flourished James Seymour, whom some antiquarian critics still affect to admire, and whose racehorses, engraved by Houston and by Burford, are much sought after by the curious. The visitor to the Grosvenor Gallery has now an opportunity of judging for himself whether Seymour had any capacity whatever for drawing horses, or any power of observing and repeating the colour of hounds. At the same time, we are free to admit that there is a kind of style about Seymour's large piece, "Mr. Delme's Foxhounds" (44), lent by the Duke of Grafton; but we should have to discover how far the extraordinary effect of simplicity and dreariness about these vast Hampshire downs was due to the art, and not to the artlessness, of the painter before we made up our minds to commend it.

John Wootton is an old hunting-painter whom we are glad to see for his own sake. His elaborate gloomy pieces have an undeniable charm about them. His coarse effectiveness, his truth of colour, gained by bold massing of pigments, has a charm when seen by the side of the rapid and timid neatness of his contemporaries. There are four specimens of Wootton at the Grosvenor. The Queen's "Stag-hunt in Windsor Forest" (29), a huge canvas, badly lighted, with its long blue horizon, was painted in 1734: it is rough, but full of "go" and spirit. "Newmarket" (46), which is lent by the Duke of Devonshire, is doubtless an earlier example, and is really beautiful in its dim richness of colour. "The Bloody-shouldered Arabian" (230) is a specimen of those portraits of favourite racehorses by which Wootton first gained renown, and "Flying Childers" (237), the fastest horse of his day, is a second and probably a later one. Another eighteenth-century animal-painter who is favourably represented at the Grosvenor Gallery is George Stubbs, who, of course, shows a great advance on Wootton and his followers in knowledge of anatomy. His portrait of "Molly Long Legs" (47) must be one of his earliest works, unless, indeed, as is not impossible, it was painted after Molly had retired from the turf, since during the years of her brief eminence Stubbs seems to have been residing in Rome. Perhaps 1758 may be taken as the date of this picture. It is interesting as showing how much life and freedom of gesture Stubbs threw into his portraits of horses. The Duke of Portland's "Riding School at Welbeck" (60), with a bright-eyed elderly gentleman being conducted out on a grey horse, is perfectly charming; and the fifteen examples of the sober and elegant art of Stubbs may, in general, be indicated as forming a special attraction of the exhibition. No visitor to the Grosvenor must miss his life-study of "Eclipse" (86), the famous chestnut horse, born during the eclipse of April 1st, 1764, the racer who "was never beaten, never had a whip flourished over him, never was pricked with the spurs, and was never required to put forth his utmost speed." By Stubbs, too, are careful and expert portraits of other illustrious steeds; of "Shark" (81), who "laid the foundation of the American Turf"; of "Mambrino" (91), from whom all the best American trotters are descended; and of "Jupiter" (234), the hero of Newmarket in 1778. We should like to know who is the "S. Alken" to whom are attributed the four very interesting little pictures in illustration of "Coursing" (18-21) which hang together in the West Gallery. Whoever the painter was, his independence of convention in the drawing of dogs deserves something of the praise we give to Stubbs for his novelty in the painting of horses. But who was this painter? Samuel Alken, who was an aquatint engraver of the close of the eighteenth century, did not, so far as we know, paint at all, and his engravings are of mountain landscape, not of sport. Henry Alken was a popular illustrator of hunting and shooting scenes; but he lived nearly a century later, and of his easy, popular work numerous examples may have been seen. The painter of these coursing panels must have worked, we should say, not later than 1765 or 1770. He has caught the intense nervous restlessness of the greyhound in the first of the series, and the arched bound of its flight in the third, with very remarkable exactness, in spite of a dryness and want of skill in the mere painting. The horses, too, coming out of the stable at the start are well felt.

At the end of a notice we must not touch upon Sir Edwin Landseer and the moderns, nor upon the interesting specimens of Low Country sporting art. To these, and to the room devoted to Falconry, we propose to return.

GAMBLING.

IV.

NOTHING in connexion with private gambling can possibly have been more lamentable than the scandals that have occurred of late years in Paris. The scandal of the Cercle de la Rue Royale must be fresh in the memory of most readers. The Rue Royale, as it was briefly called, was one of the most exclusive clubs in Paris. Its members were all rich men, and of high social standing. The Cercle in question stood second in importance only to the Jockey Club. The gambling at the Rue Royale was very high about ten years ago, and consisted, for the most part, of the game of "Quinze," at which large sums of money changed hands. One of the players who, although a rich man, had nearly been ruined at this game, began to suspect that something was wrong, and upon closely examining the cards, he

discovered that some of the most important ones had been undoubtedly tampered with. The game was at once stopped, and the servant who supplied the cards was summoned. The answers this servant gave were considered to be so unsatisfactory that a descent was made on his house, where quantities of cards all marked in the same way, ready to be delivered at the club, were found hidden about in different parts of his room. Of course the servant was only a tool in the hands of some rich man, who must have bribed him largely to work for him. The fellow absolutely refused to divulge the name of his employer; and his wife, who was also implicated, was equally silent. The upshot of the affair was that the servant was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and the club was disbanded—poor consolation for those who had lost fortunes through some cheating member. The Rue Royale was reformed, and every member had to be re-elected, and it is needless to say that those who were black-balled at the re-election have experienced considerable difficulty in their attempts to enter other clubs.

Gambling has always been high in Paris—higher, perhaps, than in any other capital of Europe. In the days of the Second Empire it was at its highest; but most of the members of that generation have either passed away or been ruined, or are now too old to play. The Cercle Impérial, at the corner of the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, has now been united to the "Mirlitons," and is known as the "Epatants," and here gambling is still carried on to a large extent, especially since the fusion of the two clubs. Baccarat and Poker are chiefly in vogue. Play begins in the afternoon, and goes on again after dinner, until the small hours of the morning.

Amongst gambling tragedies, Prince Melissano's death stands out as a warning to those who make too free with "la Dame de Pique." Here was a man popular in all classes of society, well born, and possessing a considerable fortune, but the day came when "Quinze" and Baccarat left him high and dry, and he was unable to pay his debts of honour. Then his name was posted in the looking-glass of the Salon of the Rue Royale. When the Prince caught sight of it he smashed the looking-glass to atoms with one blow from his cane, and then there was a scandal. Prince Melissano, who occupied a room at the club, sent a few days later for his *coiffeur*, and, having been carefully shaved and—in American parlance—"fixed," he dressed himself in evening clothes, and then put a bullet through his heart. Thus was another life—and the life of a deservedly popular man—sacrificed to the demands of Dame Fortune.

To descend to a lower scale of club in Paris than those already mentioned, we may refer to certain magnificent establishments far easier of access than the Rue Royale and the Jockey Club, where gambling—especially baccarat—is played for very high stakes. Of these the principal ones are the "Presse," the "Washington," and the "Américain"—the last generally called the "Colonel," from the sufficiently well-known fact that all Americans are colonels. The "Presse" is frequented by the better class of journalists—men who make large sums of money by their pens, and who spend the greater part of these sums in gambling. Then there are rich stockbrokers, financial dabbles, *le tout boulevard*—that unknown quantity which certainly exists, but which it is so difficult to define. All these men are prepared to risk a thousand louis in the bank; and at the "Washington" and the "Colonel" the play is even higher. Here Americans, and indeed all strangers, are admitted with less formality than in other clubs, and it was at the "Colonel" that Mr. Benzon—in sporting parlance—"skinned the lamb" to the extent of some 12,000*l.* during his stay in Paris two years ago. These clubs are openly spoken of as *tripots* or "hells" by those who frequent them. Their very existence depends upon the members gambling, and indeed they were founded for no other purpose.

Baccarat is one of those games which, in the long run, mean certain ruin. The banker pays five per cent. for the advantage that he has in dealing—namely, that when his adversaries ask for cards, the cards he gives them are turned up, and he can therefore gather very clearly what points they have, and can make a very shrewd calculation as to whether or not he ought to take a card himself. This five per cent. goes to the benefit of the club, which thus makes enormous profits during the evening whether any of the players have won or not. If a given number of players were to sit down and play baccarat, each with a stated sum of money, it would only be a question of time for the united amount to have passed into the *cagnotte* or pool, and for no one to be any richer save the proprietors of the club.

Gambling on the turf has now become a plague spot in Paris. When M. Goblet virtuously attempted to put down betting on the racecourse and to suppress bookmakers, he little dreamt of the harm that would ensue from his well-intentioned interference. Bookmakers were to be replaced by the *Pari Mutuel*, of which the system is to mass all the moneys staked together, and to divide it in equal parts among the people who have backed the successful horse. Six per cent. of the gross sum is deducted before this division takes place—two per cent. of which goes to the poor of Paris, and the other four per cent. towards the cost of working the *Pari Mutuel*—wages of clerks, printing of tickets, and such-like expenses. This form of gambling having been legalized by the Government, there immediately sprang up all over Paris *Pari Mutuel* establishments, where people could stake their money without going to the races. The Government then attempted to suppress these gambling-houses, and a test case was

tried. It was held, however, that as the *Pari Mutuel* was legal at Longchamps and Auteuil, and, in fact, wherever there was racing, then it must be legal also in Paris. Consequently, at nearly every café and bureau de tabac there is a *Pari Mutuel*. The same odds are paid as those returned in the official account, less two per cent. for the benefit of the man who works the undertaking. In many cases it is well known that the money is never taken to the racecourse. The man who keeps the *Pari Mutuel* makes a book on his own account, and when, as frequently happens, an outsider "rolls in" at a hundred or a hundred-and-fifty to one, then the gentleman is unable to pay, and the little office at the back of the café is "closed for repairs." These establishments, of course, have the effect of giving the lower classes a great facility for gambling. All kinds of folk flock to these *Pari Mutuels*, but their supporters chiefly consist of men whose time is too much occupied to admit of their going to the races—men who, were it not for these little dens, would probably be unable to gamble at all.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE news that a million sterling in gold was being brought from St. Petersburg and would be sent into the Bank of England on Monday or Tuesday next, caused a sharp fall in the discount rate in the open market early in the week. On Tuesday, indeed, the rate was only about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the afternoon, or little more than two-thirds of the Bank rate. Yet the bill-brokers and discount-houses were paying from 5 to 7 per cent. for the money with which they were taking the bills. It is clearly an unprofitable business; but the bill-brokers and discount-houses hope that next week the rate of interest will decline. During the week ended Wednesday night the reserve of the Bank of England increased 868,000*l.* It now exceeds 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and is in the proportion of nearly 40 per cent. to the Bank's liabilities. That is to say, the Bank holds about eight shillings as a reserve against every sovereign for which it is liable. Next week coin and notes will continue coming back, and in addition a million from St. Petersburg will be added to the Bank's stock. The reserve, therefore, will be largely increased, and its proportion to the liabilities will be still higher. In that case the City will probably begin to agitate for a reduction of the Bank rate, and doubtless many of the Directors will feel that it is unprofitable to keep eight or nine shillings unemployed for every sovereign of liabilities. And if besides, as seems clear, the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to pay off a million and a quarter of Treasury bills which fall due this day week—if he had not, he would before now have announced that a similar amount of bills were to be tendered for—that would mean the payment out of the Bank of England to the outside market of the greater part of the million and a quarter, as it is believed that the bills are chiefly held by bankers and discount-houses outside. Altogether, therefore, the addition to the supply in the outside market will be considerable next week. On the other hand, of course, the collection of the revenue is now going on on a very large scale, and is taking money out of the outside market into the Bank of England. It would be wise for the Directors of the latter to maintain their rate and to borrow in the outside market so as to make the rate effective. If they do not, money will become so cheap and abundant after a while, that gold will again begin to be exported, and with coin and notes flowing out into the circulation in April and May, the Bank reserve will once more run down, there will be a fresh alarm, and a fresh disturbance of trade. The proper course clearly is to avoid that by doing what is necessary now to make the 6 per cent. rate effective, and so strengthen the Bank sufficiently that it may face all the eventualities of the year without causing apprehension in the City.

As usual in the latter half of January, there is a good deal of investment going on by thrifty people who have received their interests and dividends. But even investment business is not as large as it generally is at this time, and this is natural; for there is little inducement to buy first-class securities when a higher rate of interest can be obtained by depositing the money with banks. The more far-seeing are, therefore, keeping either the whole or a considerable part of their savings on deposit, in the expectation that there will be a decline in investment stocks by-and-bye. The expectation is likely to be fulfilled. The very waiting of so many investors of itself weakens the market. Then, again, bankers and other large capitalists, who in the time of depression invested their surplus money in sound securities, are now selling to employ the money at higher rates in the discount market and on the Stock Exchange. Merchants, too, being able to employ larger capital, are withdrawing investments. Over and above all this, there is a good deal of disappointment expressed at the railway dividends. They are higher than last year; but the market expected them to be higher still. It appears that the contracts for fuel and for materials expired to a larger extent than was supposed during the past half year, and the rise in wages has also told. But it is this year that the rise in wages and prices will be felt chiefly by railway shareholders. The chairman of the London and Brighton Company, at the meeting of the shareholders on Wednesday, told them that the estimated increase of wages would cost the Company this year 10,000*l.*, the rise in coal would cost it 20,000*l.*, and the rise in materials another 20,000*l.*, making an addition of 50,000*l.* during the year to the working expenses.

Speculative business has suffered much more than investment from the stringency in the money market. Practically it is almost suspended. Operators distrust the action of the financial houses in bringing a million of gold from St. Petersburg. They fear that it will cause an artificial ease which will lead to fresh gold withdrawals, and be followed by-and-bye by a scare, during which they may be themselves unable either to borrow or to sell. The market for American railroad securities, in addition, is still depressed by the non-payment of the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds of the Philadelphia and Reading Company. The incident has deepened the distrust, already so general and profound, of American railroad management. And selling by Continental shareholders has weakened the South African market. The news from Brazil, too, confirms the belief that Brazilian securities will continue to fall. The Argentine crisis is growing more acute, and the political and financial condition of both Spain and Portugal is inspiring apprehension. Yet there seems every probability that we are about to witness an outburst of speculative activity in Paris, which may perhaps extend to the London market. The Russian Government has contracted with a Syndicate of Paris bankers for a new loan of 20 millions sterling, 14 millions to be applied to the conversion of old loans and the remainder to be a new advance. The old loans bear 5 per cent. interest, and the new is to bear only 4 per cent. The annual interest on the old loans, that is to say, amounted to 700,000*l.*, and on the new only amount to 800,000*l.* For an additional annual charge of 100,000*l.*, therefore, the Russian Government obtains by this transaction nearly 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling; a very advantageous one for it. Whether it is equally advantageous for the French investors is another matter. There is to be a great French funding loan as soon as all the arrangements are made, and it is reported that the French Government is more inclined than it has hitherto been to agree to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt. Lastly, it is understood that M. Rouvier, the Finance Minister, is almost immediately about to introduce a Bill for renewing the charter of the Bank of France, authorizing it at the same time to double the number of its shares by dividing each share into two. All this is expected by the keenest observers in Paris to lead to a great activity in business and a marked rise in prices. It is not probable, indeed, that the Russian loan will be a very marked success, for Messrs. Rothschild have refused to take part in it, and one of the banks concerned has suffered both from the copper crash and from the Brazilian revolution. But the other operations will be hailed by the Bourse. Of course the rampant speculation in Berlin may prove a drag upon Paris, but if it be true, as reported, that the Prussian Government has decided upon converting Prussian Consols, that may stimulate even further speculation in Germany.

EXHIBITIONS.

WE have delayed, in the stress of winter engagements, to attend to an amusing collection of humorous and grotesque art, in the Victoria Gallery, which deserved earlier notice. Nor can we now do more than draw attention rapidly to the attractions which this exhibition presents. The elements of which it consists are not unfamiliar, though they are rarely seen in so great profusion. Here are the caricatures of Gillray, of Rowlandson, of Cruikshank, and of Daumier in abundance. Here are numerous engravings, and some drawings, by Hogarth. The Japanese grotesques are excellent of their kind, and beautifully executed. So much cannot be said for the coloured terra-cotta or glazed china models of animals, from the collection of the King of Oude. These may be rare and valuable, but we never met with anything more distressing, or at which it is more difficult to smile. These figures seem, on casual inspection, to be beasts or birds; but on a closer view we find the general mass of each animal to be made up of all kinds of other animals in low relief. Thus, a giraffe will be made up so that the neck is a rabbit, the shoulder a frog, and the leg a monkey. It is like a series of nightmares on a small scale. A group of thirty ivory Netzakys, arranged on an ebony root, are being chastised by a large yellow devil, who is evidently a perfect gentleman of attractive face and manners; this is a pleasant specimen of Oriental fun. The worst of the whole exhibition is, that it is casual and desultory, and that, though it contains valuable and curious objects in profusion, these objects are not arranged with sufficiently critical care to make their study very instructive. The old and admirable contributions, moreover, are unfortunately put side by side with modern articles of very temporary value, which confuse the whole and lessen its effect. We hope not to be thought unkind if we hint that some of the "exhibits" are more in the manner of Mr. Barnum than of the conventional shows of fine art. For instance, the mechanical object called "The Awakening Beauty" is very chaste in design, but would be thought a little inartistic even at Madame Tussaud's.

Those who are interested in Irish scenery should go to Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery in New Bond Street, to examine a collection of some sixty water-colour drawings by Mr. O. Rickatson, made in the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford. We think we are not mistaken in saying that the popular English idea of Ireland is that of a sad wet country, with dreary brown bogs and grey skies. But Mr. Rickatson has chosen to insist upon sunshine and flowery meadows, although too often the flowers

he selects are rather the favourites of the artist than of the farmer—no countryman in his senses would, of course, dream for a moment of calling ragwort, hemlock, or wood, a flower at all, it would be "that stinking weed!" Mr. Rickatson, however, has very happily made use of these weeds in several of his paintings, placing them as foregrounds to his landscapes; this is especially successful in "On an Evicted Farm" (2), where the tall yellow flowers stand well out in front of the neglected meadow; also in "Passage on the River Suir" (8) they are used effectively. Mr. Rickatson understands the art of not overworking his wet sea-sands and dry sand dunes, out of the latter of which the spiky bent pushes its way hither and thither untidily and naturally. Some "Black Poplars" (26) are well put in, while the same trees in a melancholy "On the Clone River, co. Wexford" (56) are admirably rendered. But the most striking of all are the gauzy trees in "Early Spring, near Wicklow" (46), in which the mysterious appearance of the fine network of budding twigs is seen against a pale luminous sky. The simple whitewashed cottages with low turf roofs look snug and clean, and call to remembrance the unarchitectural masonry of Devonshire, while "The Valley of the Blackwater" (49) might well be a bit of our own Thames above Streatham, were it not for the bare and sinister ridge of hills beyond. We confess, however, to finding some of Mr. Rickatson's scenes a little too full and almost heavy in colour; surely in the "Mouth of the Vartry" (22) the salt water held between strips of burnt grass is too painfully blue, while the colouring is too gaily chosen in "Killes, near Dunmore" (23). Cheerfulness, like humour, should be used rather sparingly.

MARJORIE.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company should have provided something better than *Marjorie* to replace *Paul Jones*. The latter was not a remarkably favourable specimen of comic opera; it just passed muster and no more; and it was natural to presume that a company with the resources one is disposed to attribute to it would have made a step in advance. But *Marjorie*, produced at a *matinée* in the summer, was thought too good to be cast aside as worthless, and yet it may be doubted if it is good enough to justify its present production. Plays of this sort are perplexing, and the usual plan is to doctor them; but this is a difficult process—indeed as a very general rule the doctored play fails. Mr. Gilbert tried it when he converted *The Vagabond* into *The Nér Do Weel*, and so did Mr. Wills when a drama by him was tried at the Haymarket under the title of *Ellen*. There was excellent work in both these pieces, it may incidentally be observed, but the process of patching and repairing was ineffectual in each case. As for *Marjorie*, that has not been adroitly mended. The story is vague and wandering; so much so that, while two third acts have been tried, without securing a fit, there is still abundant scope for any amount of invention in bringing the story, such as it is, to a close. The writers, Messrs. Clifton and Dilley, did well in choosing a period that has been very little exploited. We will not interrupt these brief remarks on an unimportant piece by interpolating comments on the condition of England in 1217; but the manners and customs of the period, so far as they are known, present opportunity for satire, and the opportunity is rendered the greater by the fact that a very small proportion of the average comic-opera audience would be able to criticize the extent to which the satire was well based and directed. The dresses, whether accurate or not, are near enough to the mark, and are—a most important consideration—picturesque. We do not think that sticking-plaster can have been invented at this date, or that Sir Simon Striveling would have returned from the wars with black strips on his face and a patch over his eye; but in comic opera that may certainly pass.

It is a rather curious fact that operas whose stories deal with certain countries and periods never succeed—we do not remember an opera with an Indian scene that has ever been successful. Bizet's *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* is a Cingalese legend, and we are not sure that it can be accounted an example. There was charming music in M. Massenet's *Le Roi de Lahore*, yet it shared the fate of Indian operas in general. However, 1217 is a fresh date, and so far the writers had new ground to cover; but they lacked imagination to devise telling incidents and wit to treat those which they have invented, so that the legend of *Marjorie* and her three lovers—Gosric, the Earl of Chestermere's wealthy serf, the Earl himself, and Gosric's son Wilfrid—is dull and laborious. Even in the extravagance of farce there should be reason, and this is still more necessary in comic opera, where a shade of sentiment is supposed to intervene; for the audiences are to be persuaded, if possible, to take some interest in the fortunes of the lovers who sing sentimental ballads and duets. In *Marjorie*, however, improbability is unduly strained. We are, for instance, invited to believe that the Earl, desiring to make *Marjorie* his wife before he goes to the wars, is beguiled into marrying her humble friend Cicely, who, besides disguising her voice, as would be necessary, must have gone through the elaborate wedding ceremony with her head hidden by a hood. On this incident the whole plot practically turns, and it will be at once observed, therefore, that it is a poor plot—a very poor plot, indeed—nor is it relieved by wit or humour, in spite of the revision which the work is said to have undergone.

Mr. Slaughter has a facility for composing tunes of an undistinguished character, and he understands his orchestra. It is the inevitable comparison with Sir Arthur Sullivan that tells against other writers of comic opera; for none of them has the three qualities which he possesses in so high a degree—fresh melodious invention, grace and fancy in the instrumental score, and dramatic appropriateness. The music of *Marjorie*, however, is suitable enough for an average audience. It is rather a collection of songs and ballads, with a few concerted pieces added, than an attempt to illustrate a story. An impression is somehow conveyed that the composer has seized the opportunity to utilize the contents of his portfolios; but we confess to having no better ground for the idea than that the music often seems to have no relation to the incidents. There is not a tenor in *Marjorie*, the hero Wilfrid, Gosric's son, being played by Miss Agnes Huntington. There is a welcome refinement about this young lady which contrasts very agreeably with the performance of many of her contemporaries; and she sings with artistic taste, marred only by a careless pronunciation of words; for, though the words be poor, they should be made audible. Miss Camille d'Arville is more indistinct still, but otherwise there is merit in her representation of *Marjorie*. Miss Phyllis Broughton's efforts are of a very inferior order; and the allusions which are accepted by audiences as having reference to matters which are entirely out of the scope of the opera are exceedingly discreditable to the managers of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who should sternly check such divagations. Mr. Hayden Coffin has a poor part and very little music as the Earl, and Mr. Ashley, a comedian who takes his chances when they occur, is ill provided in the character of *Marjorie*'s father, Sir Simon Striveling. Mr. Monkhouse, a rather rough and boisterous comedian, with, however, some sense of fun, plays Gosric. At the present day luxury prevails on the stage to such an extent that it is scarcely necessary to comment on the fact of a piece being handsomely mounted at a theatre of reputation. The first scene is particularly pretty, and all that decoration can do is done in the other acts.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S DECLINING POWER.

THE rate of discount of the Bank of England has now been at 6 per cent. for four weeks, and it has failed to attract more gold than has been taken away from it. This is the more remarkable because the bank rate in Paris is only 3 per cent., in Amsterdam only 2½ per cent., in Brussels only 4 per cent., and in Berlin and Vienna 5 per cent. In all the principal markets of Europe, that is to say, the value of money is lower than it is in London, and yet money is not remitted to London for more profitable employment. Formerly, with such a state of things existing, gold was always imported into this market in large amounts. And one would naturally suppose beforehand that the importation would be even larger now, because a foreign capitalist sending the metal to London is always sure to get it back again when he requires to do so; whereas if he were to send it to other countries he might be obliged to take payment wholly or partially in silver. Yet the gold does not come. The first cause, of course, is that the investing public here has been subscribing too largely to foreign loans and foreign Companies for some years past. In that way they have become indebted in immense amounts, and the creditors to a very large extent are requiring the subscriptions to be paid up in gold. But in former times, even when this happened, the Bank of England was able not merely to stop gold withdrawals, but to attract the metal by raising its rate of discount higher than the rates existing abroad. It may be said that the influence of the 6 per cent. rate is only temporarily suspended, and that, in fact, early next week a million sterling is to be received from St. Petersburg. But that is a peculiar operation. The Russian Government has just concluded a contract with a Syndicate of Paris bankers for the conversion of three of its Five Per Cent. loans. These loans amount to about 14 millions sterling, and the new loan is to be for 20 millions. The Russian Government, therefore, not only reduces the interest upon part of its existing debt, but it receives in cash nearly 5½ millions sterling. It is understood that the Paris bankers have taken the loan at about 90 per cent. The contractors, no doubt, fear that the French public may not be inclined to invest in Russian bonds at 4½ per cent. when they can obtain from 5 to 6 per cent. for their money in London; and to assist the contractors and ensure the success of its own operation the Russian Government is supplying a large sum, in the hope of lowering the rates of interest and discount in London. This particular remittance, then, does not prove that the 6 per cent. rate in London is effective. It only shows that, for reasons of their own, the Russian Government and certain great bankers in London and Paris desire to restore confidence to the market. How is it, then, that the Bank of England is no longer able to exercise that control over the gold markets of the world which it formerly was able to do?

The chief reason unquestionably is that since Germany demonetized silver the monetary policy of foreign countries has completely changed. They are all now striving to accumulate gold; and, having once got it, they put every possible obstacle in the way of withdrawing it from them. The United States and France have carried this policy very much farther than any other country. Compared with what they have done, the action of

other States is insignificant. According to the monthly return issued about a fortnight ago, the United States' Treasury held on the last day of the old year somewhat over 62½ millions sterling in gold. It has accumulated this vast hoard since 1876, when it began to prepare for the resumption of specie payments. And year by year it is steadily adding to it. As it can make payments in gold, silver, gold and silver certificates, or greenbacks, at its option, it need not part with gold unless it likes, and very rarely does it like to do so. At the same time, the Associated Banks of New York hold about 16 millions sterling in gold; so that the Treasury and the reserve banks of New York between them hold 78½ millions sterling of the metal. There are reserve banks in other important cities which also hold gold, and must do so to maintain their credit. But we need not count these. The fact that nearly 80 millions sterling is held in New York and by the Treasury is itself sufficient to account for the difficulty which the Bank of England experiences in attracting the metal at the present time. If it be asked why the United States Government locks up unproductively so immense a sum of money, the only answer that can be given is that the Bland Act compels it to coin 5 or 6 millions sterling of silver every year, and that, therefore, if gold were not kept somewhere, it would soon be driven altogether out of circulation, and silver alone would remain in the United States. The Bank of France has not been quite as successful as the United States' Treasury, but it also has accumulated an amazingly large hoard. At the present time it holds more than 50 millions sterling in gold; and, as silver is legal tender equally with gold in France, the Bank need not pay the latter metal except when it pleases. It offers every inducement to business men to lodge gold with it, and it puts every obstacle in the way of their taking it out again. It only sells the metal at a premium, and generally it refuses to part with more than a proportion of what may be asked from it. Thus the United States' Treasury, the Associated Banks of New York, and the Bank of France between them hold 128½ millions sterling in gold, and they guard their accumulations so jealously that it is extremely difficult to get any from them. Adding what is held by the Imperial Bank of Germany, the Imperial Bank of Russia, the State banks of other European countries, and the reserve banks of our own colonies and of South America, the total gold reserves of these banks and the United States' Treasury, which are jealously guarded by every possible means, amount to the enormous total of about 250 millions sterling. These accumulations, though styled reserves, are to a very large extent not properly so. They are not, like the gold stock of the Bank of England, available for commercial purposes. Merchants cannot withdraw freely any portion they may require for making business payments, and for preventing disturbance of the money markets. Practically, that is to say, they are to a very large extent withdrawn from the service of trade. Consequently, everybody who wants gold anywhere throughout the world comes to the Bank of England for it, and the Bank of England finds it year by year becoming more difficult to maintain its own reserve, and still more difficult to replenish it when it has been allowed to run too low. The matter is the more serious because for years past the production of gold has been falling off, while the use of gold is becoming more general all over the world. The old supply is diminished by the action of governments and State banks. The new supply is becoming smaller, and the new demands are steadily increasing. If the policy we are commenting upon is continued, it is to be feared that mischief must ensue sooner or later, unless, indeed, the production of South Africa proves so large as to satisfy the future demand.

There is another, though minor cause, of the Bank of England's loss of power. In the past, it did not take advantage of its unique position to establish branches all over the country, and thereby to take the place in England which the banks of France and Germany occupy in those two countries. Even in London it can hardly be said to do a discount business. Of course it discounts bills for its private customers, but that is a very small matter. It keeps its rate of discount habitually higher than the rate in the open market, and therefore very few take their bills to it. The consequence is that it has no direct control over the discount market. When it wants to influence that market it has to resort to an indirect course; that is, to borrow money from the joint-stock and private banks in order to make the supply of loanable capital in the market scarce. But, though it has been doing so lately, it has not succeeded in raising the open market rate of discount, for the reason explained above. If the Bank discounted bills on a very large scale, it would at once be able to raise the rate by simply refusing to do business at the current rate. As it is, it has no direct influence. The explanation of its present policy, no doubt, is that it is the bankers' bank. That is to say, it holds the unemployed balances of the joint-stock and private banks, and the latter would, of course, cry out if the Bank of England were to use their own money to compete with them. There would be good ground for their objection if they all kept sufficient cash reserves, or if they heartily supported the Bank of England in maintaining its reserve. But they do neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, they do their best to prevent the Bank of England from protecting its reserve, and yet they object to the Bank's adopting a policy that would enable it to do so effectively. This is so unreasonable and so contrary to the public interest, that it ought not to be allowed to weigh with the Bank for a single moment. Of course, at the present time it is impossible for the Bank to make a change in its policy. If it were to begin to

compete with the other banks, it would lower the rate of discount still further, and would make matters worse than they are. But our object just now is to point out how it comes to pass that the Bank of England has for years past been losing power, until just now it is utterly unable to attract gold, though it has kept its rate of discount at 6 per cent. for a month, and though the rates all over the Continent are lower and in some cases much lower. And one reason of this is, as we have just been pointing out, that the Bank of England is not in the proper sense of the word a discount bank, and, therefore, has no direct control over the discount market. That is not the less a fact because the Bank at the moment is not in a position to change its policy.

THE ELECTION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Tuesday last the members and Associates of the Royal Academy met to fill up the vacancy caused a year ago by the promotion of Mr. Burgess to be a full Academician. No one who knows anything of the movement of the artistic world was surprised to hear that their choice fell upon Mr. Ernest Albert Waterlow, since, although that gentleman cannot be said to be widely known to the public, he has long been spoken of as the probable next Associate. On Tuesday night he won easily, with only one rival, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, at all close behind him. It is an unexciting, respectable election, which calls for no reprobation certainly, but just as little for any enthusiasm. Mr. Waterlow was born, we believe, about 1852. He makes his first appearance in the Royal Academy Catalogue in 1872, with an "Evening in Dovedale." Since then he has been an exhibitor at Burlington House every year, with the solitary exception, we think, of 1876. Of late his contributions have been looked for as regularly as those of the members themselves, and have usually been as well hung; he slips into the Royal Academy noiselessly and almost as a matter of course. Mr. Waterlow is not, and probably never will be, a great painter; but he is an accomplished one. His forte is English or Irish landscape, with figures introduced, generally in sunlight, and his principal distinction is that he was one of the first, if not the very earliest, of those young British painters who undertook to repudiate the studio light, and paint their compositions *en plein air*. The habit has become a fashion, and we no longer regard it as a novelty; but Mr. Waterlow, to his credit be it said, has not allowed younger rivals to shoulder him out of the field. His art is bright, simple, vivid, and honest; if it lacks anything, it is style. We do not always happen to observe his pictures; but when our attention is drawn to them, we seldom fail to be pleased. If, as we hear, Mr. Waterlow's portrait by Mr. Alma Tadema is to adorn the next Royal Academy exhibition, the event will gain an accidental interest from the pleasing circumstance of his having become an A.R.A.

Since we last wrote about the Royal Academy, the body has sustained the loss of Mr. Barlow, the most active of its engravers. It is, therefore, more than commonly desirable that their culpable neglect of engraving should be brought home to the Council. At the present moment this art is represented in the Royal Academy by two members, and no more; by Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A., who is nearly eighty years of age, and by Mr. Staecpoole, A.R.A., who cannot be much his junior. Since the death of Mr. Francis Holl, A.R.A., which occurred more than six years ago, no engraver has been added to the body, which, in the natural course of events, will soon be left without one working member in this department. What is the Royal Academy thinking about? In 1830, when its numbers were much smaller than they now are, it possessed six engravers, all in practice—Heath, Fittler, J. Landseer, Bromley, Lane, and C. Turner. In 1850 the same number, and in 1860 seven—Cousins, Doo, Robinson, Stocks, Lane, Graves, and Willmore. In 1873 the engravers began to dwindle, and their force has now reached the borders of extinction. The Royal Academy is bound to give its attention to this matter, and to remedy a neglect which bears heavily on an important section of the artistic profession.

REVIEWS.

ROSSETTI.*

MANY books have been written on Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his work as poet and painter, yet none of them can for a moment be compared with Mr. W. M. Rossetti's latest contribution. Despite the title, it is neither criticism nor biography, but a singular hotch-potch of raw material which the biographer of the painter will some day find useful. For it is notorious, if not suspected by the innocent public, that, notwithstanding all the "Lives," "Memoirs," "Studies," and the like, of the last seven years, the Biography of Rossetti has not yet appeared. Mr. Rossetti's book is a handy guide for those who possess, or those who desire to possess, any of the artist's paintings or drawings. It is an abstract, arranged chronologically, of jottings from

* Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer. Notes by William Michael Rossetti. London: Cassell & Co. 1889.

his correspondence concerning work and commissions, patronage and prices, dates of composition, and other detail of the studio and the picture market. In an appendix we find a useful tabulated list of pictures, &c., with particulars of date, size, subject, and original and present owner. Another section is devoted to a similar treatment of the poet's writings, and, lastly, for the benefit of the large and intelligent class of people for whom poetry is an insoluble enigma, a prose paraphrase of the series of sonnets, "The House of Life," is thoughtfully provided. Mr. Rossetti is, we are inclined to think, a little too diffident on the subject of his recreative powers as a writer. He expresses his doubt whether his forte is "the entertaining or the graphic," and braces himself, in default of "these valuable qualities," to the endeavour to achieve "precision and perspicuity"—qualities, we fear, less present in this volume than the judicious might desire. Under the year 1843 we start, for instance, with an entry that exemplifies the cryptic style of the compiler:—"Rossetti was a member in 1843 of some sketching club. I cannot remember who his colleagues may have been—presumably other students in the same drawing-school." There is more of light, and possibly more of entertainment, in the naïf and solemn record of trivial circumstances and the infinitely little. Thus, under "1854" we read:—"The details of 'Found' were painted chiefly at Finchley (where Madox Brown resided), and at Chiswick (where an old and excellent family friend, Mr. Keightley, was settled); at Finchley, the calf and cart; at Chiswick, the brick wall." Precious should these revelations prove to the elect, and objects of pilgrimage henceforth are callous Chiswick and wall-wanting Finchley. But prices and patrons call us from these high matters. Mr. Ruskin was an early patron. He seems to have made a sort of contract with the painter. "He had the refusal, for a time, of pretty nearly everything that Rossetti produced." He writes of immortal designs with the playful familiarity of language which one genius is ever ready to assume towards another genius. Thus "La Belle Dame sans Merci" becomes Ruskinized to "Man with boots and lady with golden hair," which is sadly disenchanting. Then there was "Mr. McCracken, a merchant or shipbroker of Belfast," a still earlier patron, who always wrote of Mr. Ruskin as "the Graduate," and was "really hearty and enthusiastic." We are sorry to learn that "Rossetti never saw McCracken in the flesh." He was a valuable patron, though the painter *did* write a sonnet upon him, "The McCracken," a parody of the Poet-Laureate's juvenile "Kraken" sonnet, which we would give something to see. Another early patron, or "outsider," as Mr. Rossetti has it, was "Mr. Cottingham, an architect in Waterloo Road," who was a patron only in good intention. He did nothing but finesse and shilly-shally, and finally bought nothing (p. 14). But the Graduate was staunch at this period. Writing to Mr. Madox Brown in 1853, he refers to the no-longer-coy McCracken and the author of *Modern Painters*:—"Please let me know in your answer (as soon as possible) whether you ever named to McCracken anything regarding the prices which I took for those sketches now exhibiting. Ruskin has written him some extravagant praises (though with obtuse accompaniments) upon one of them—I cannot make out which—and McCracken seems excited, wanting it, and not knowing (or making believe not to know) that it is sold." Publicity of this sort adds a new horror to the patronage of art. Who would be an early patron, outsider or insider, with such a prospect? Without the reference to "obtuse accompaniments," it would be clear enough that Rossetti was no babe in business. In 1854 a drawing of his sent by the invaluable Mr. McCracken to Mr. Ruskin produced "an incredible letter about it," with a "wish to call," and "remaining mine respectfully," as the painter writes to Mr. Madox Brown. "I, of course," he adds, "stroked him down in my answer, and yesterday he came. He seems in a mood to make my fortune." The mood lasted some years, though there was much criticism on the Graduate's part before his Rossetian possessions appear to have begun to change hands. Before this, however, "the relations between the painter and critic became strained," as must have been inevitable with an artist of Rossetti's temperament and a critic "serenely conscious of always being in the right." Things must have arrived at a pass, indeed, when the friendly but unsparing critic spoke of one painting as "an absurdity," and warned the artist that the "careless use of pigment" in another had "caused a lady in blue to change colour." Fie on these friendly critics! We blush, with the lady, for Mr. Ruskin.

In spite of these amenities it is pleasing to know that patrons arrived, though Rossetti shunned the great exhibitions. Some of these hesitated or haggled, like the Waterloo Road architect, and are forthwith pilloried in these ingenuous chronicles. Some paid fair prices, and their names are in the list of fame. On the whole, the painter appears to have done well in these transactions, though Mr. Rossetti darkly hints at mysteries in a manner tantalizing to lovers of tittle-tattle and inscrutable in so generous a purveyor. "In June (1864) yet another purchaser came forward, but he disappeared after a short while in a mysterious form of collapse highly unsatisfactory to Rossetti, and to himself perhaps not altogether pleasurable. I refer to Mr. William Dunlop, a commercial magnate of Bingley, near Bradford, in Yorkshire." Now it is impossible to say what the public has to do with such matters as the haggling negotiations of Mr. Dunlop, Mr. John Heugh, and other culprits, their "epistolary sparring," "aggressive superciliousness," and so forth, or with the private yearning of another patron for the addition of drapery to his "Venus"; though it is edifying to read that the painter did not think the

painting "Venus Verticordia" "chargeable with anything like Etyism, which I loathe." When Mr. Rossetti plays the part of "Mr. Interpreter" he is decidedly entertaining, if not graphic. He sets forth, for example, his solemn complaint of the title commonly given to the Llandaff Cathedral triptych, "The Adoration of the Magi." It matters nothing that the central composition is an "Adoration," on his own showing, but he painfully evolves an enigmatic explanation of the "side pictures" which is intended to prove that the picture does not treat of that "hack-subject of mediæval and renaissance painters 'The Adoration of the Magi.'" As it is with that wonderful labour of superfluous zeal, the paraphrase of the sonnets, this exposition is far more in need of light than its subject. As to the sonnets done into prose by Mr. Rossetti, we should be almost persuaded to illustrate by quotation the humour of this novel form of "interpretation" but that we despair of touching the sense of the interpreter, and have more reverence for the poetic quality of the sonnets than he appears to possess.

NOVELS.*

MR. BARING-GOULD is one of the most tantalizing of novelists. His readers will be charmed and tickled by some bit of characteristic drawing, a rustic interior, an irresistible touch of broadest humour, and, thinking that they have a feast of wit before them, will flounder in the bathos of a love scene, or sink in the quagmire of an impossibly artificial dialogue. Or a severe critic may light upon some slatternly housewife talking in the vein of a sixteenth-century professor, and sit down to remonstrate with a too successful author, when his eye will catch an isolated vignette or a few pages of verbal friezework, and his resolution will be at once disarmed. Nothing could be funnier than the first scene in *Arminell*, though here and there it is manifestly overdrawn. Lady Lamerton, her stepdaughter, whose name is the title of the book, and "Captain" Tubb, the manager of one of my Lord's lime quarries, are holding Sunday school. Arminell, not sure of her ground in matters of faith, employs her class in getting up the titles of the uncanonical books of Scripture. Mr. Tubb is floored by a wily scholar over the meaning of Quinquagesima, which he explains, under great stress, as "the Sunday or week whereabouts the yaller jessamine—or, in Latin, gessima—do begin to bloom." Lady Lamerton, as she confides to her husband later on, sees that "so much can be said, and said with justice, on all sides of every question, that all my opinions remain, and ever will remain, in abeyance." No wonder if the moral edification of the children of Orleigh remains in abeyance also. The author has stippled in a large part of his work with considerable care, and it will delight many a reader who has a special liking for artistic effects of this kind; but from *Mehalah* down to *Arminell* Mr. Baring-Gould has not so much written stories as conceived strong characters and situations, and framed them round with scraps from his sketch-book. There are quite as many good things in *Arminell* as in any other story by the same hand. Nowhere has the author produced a finer exemplification of quiet and suppressed pathos than he gives us in Lord Lamerton. We see him infinitely tender with his second wife, his young heir, his wilful and eccentric daughter. He almost breaks down as he tells Lady Lamerton that the leaders of his choice pines had been maliciously cut off, and founds on that trifle a really affecting and pertinent lamentation on the sorrows of those who are sensitive as well as titled and rich. Lord Lamerton is the ethical centre of the book—not Arminell, who is too impulsive, opinionated, and shallow. He is accused of crime, behind his back, by a despicable woman in the village; and the charge is believed by her husband, her illegitimate son, and Arminell herself. From this woman's lie spring two or three disasters; amongst them, the violent death of her victim, under a cloud of suspicion, and at the hands of one whom he had never injured. A little more elaboration would have made Lord Lamerton a surprisingly good character.

Olga Zanelli is a pretty bit of romance in its way, and the fault most likely to be found with it is that it goes into detail on a number of things which we should have been content to find merely indicated. In a book on the construction and use of agricultural implements the exact description and delineation of spades would be looked for as a matter of course; but suggestion goes a long way in talking of certain kinds of spades, and many people are so peculiarly constituted that they would take a greater interest in them if they were never called spades at all. Mr. Cartwright plays the very Asmodeus in Berlin society, unroofing for us the Jockey Club, the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, the chambers of counts and barons, and the private apartments of seductive ladies. At any rate, we make the very intimate acquaintance in this way of Olga Zanelli, under circumstances in which it is unusual even for the heroines of

* *Arminell: a Social Romance.* By the Author of "Mehalah" &c. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Olga Zanelli: a Tale of an Imperial City. By Fairfax L. Cartwright. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

A Hurricane in Petticoats. By Leslie Keith. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

Norman and I. By Kate Cousins. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

A Cavalier's Lodge: a Romance of the Isle of Wight. By Constance MacEwen (Mrs. A. C. Dicker). London and Manchester: John Heywood.

fiction to play their parts to pit and gallery. Yet it is not so much Olga as Olga's literary sponsor who is accountable for any lack of womanly reserve. She is the *chère amie* of Count Klinkenstein, an officer of the Gardes; and, of course, the army regulations prevent him from marrying the pretty shopgirl whom he has befriended in her dire need. Apart from the one grand concession which she makes to her poverty and her affection, Olga is fairly true and modest, with a fidelity to her plighted troth which will not brook the decay of fidelity in her lover. The Count recoils from the sacrifices of worldly position and consideration which continued relations with Olga would entail upon him, and his endeavour to escape from the entanglement leads to sundry disasters. Doubtless, all this sounds commonplace and tawdry. One frame serves for many pictures, and it is the canvas only which challenges criticism. Mr. Cartwright is not destitute of skill in painting. His sketches of life in the German capital appear to be faithful enough, as far as they go, and perhaps the poorest sketch of all is that of a priggish secretary at the British Embassy.

One rather prefers that the heroine of a three-volume novel shall be a generation or two younger than eighty, which is about the age of the titular heroine of Leslie Keith's new story. *A Hurricane in Petticoats* has been known to readers of this story in its serial form as "Great Grandmamma Severn." She is a terrible old tyrant, and has had her own way in the Severn family for many years, when she meets something like her match in her granddaughter Judith, who has a touch of her own spirit, and is not to be domineered over. The author's *métier* in the art of fiction is to write a family history, and she has done it at least once before with conspicuous success. The present story is scarcely so clever or well sustained as *The Chilcotes*, but there is some very good workmanship in the drawing of the weaker and the stronger Severns—two contrasted types in the same family group, which is by no means contrary to nature and precedent. Judith lives with the Hurricane because the allowance made to her helps to support her feeble and useless mother; but she draws the line when she is required to marry her cousin Harry. Though she is engaged to him under a sort of compulsion, she does not allow him to deceive himself, and the weak-minded youth is easily snapped up by Judith's artful sister, a fascinating little widow who lives in the wilds of West Kensington. If one had never grown familiar with Becky Sharp, one might think of Letty Garston as a smart sketch of character. There is a baronetcy in the Severn family, and one day Cousin Harry, his two cousins aforesaid, and the young holder of the title, are boating on the Thames, when the boy falls into the water. Harry, who is the next heir, could have saved him at once, but Letitia clung to him, "with an hysterical strength that defied him," and implored him not to sacrifice his life. So, having been ruled by his women-folk all his life, he yields to the paralysis of his will produced by Letty's entreaties. Eventually the title comes to him; but his eyes have been opened, and he always knows himself to be a coward. Judith and her lover are a more pleasant and attractive couple; but, when all is said and done, many readers will come to the conclusion that the old Hurricane unquestionably deserves the title of heroine.

Kate Cousins can write very fair English, and she might have done more wisely to take a subject from the safe ground of her own experience, and to weave a romance, with all the aid that her exuberant fancy might have lent her, out of more commonplace and common-sense materials. The heroine of *Norman and I*, being an old maid of thirty-eight, the owner of a Gothic cottage and two hundred a year, and somewhat sick of life, as is usual in the circumstances, puts an advertisement in the *Times*. She demands an engagement without salary to nurse an invalid gentleman, in the hope of "congenial companionship." The *Times* (why not?) is read in Fairyland, and the consequence is that a portly gentleman comes and knocks violently at the door of the Gothic cottage, gives the lady some lozenges in a jewelled box, promises her the coveted invalid, and carries her off by train and sea and air to where the fairies dwell. There Miss Kate Brentwood is manufactured into some sort of a fairy. She becomes etherealized; she finds her sick man at last, and, after passing through a period of probation, discovers that her chance advertisement in the *Times* has restored her to the love of her youth, who had been stolen from her by the fairy king on their intended wedding-day. The reunited lovers are sent down to earth again—not, as might be imagined, to go through with the interrupted ceremony in a decent and Christian fashion, but only as banishment for some offence committed in Fairyland. As soon as they "take on their materiality" they are compelled to separate, and are very miserable; but the deities of the upper air relent, and "Norman and I" are made happy again. The story undoubtedly has its good points; but it alternates between fancy and platitudes with extraordinary abruptness.

Mrs. Dicker is not specially equipped for the production of a genuine historical novel. She has, however, made something fairly interesting and attractive out of a supposed "Journal of Mistress Judith Dyonesia Dyllington"—having "ventured to modernize the English" of the seventeenth century, and further ventured to manufacture sundry impossible incidents in the life of Charles I. Mrs. Dicker is under the impression, as appears from her preface, that she has written "a sixteenth-century romance"; but, at any rate, it is a story of the reign of Charles and of his sojourn in the Isle of Wight. The author of *A*

Cavalier's Ladye is not without ideas, and this is specially attested by her supplying the headings of all her chapters. In this way:—

To one is accorded the hidden knowledge which comes of the spirit of understanding; to another the practical development of such things as are visible eternal beginnings.

"What is the difference between us?" said a Crab to a Lobster. "Merely a difference of temper," said the Lobster carelessly. "Cross as a crab."—*Author*.

In addition to humour of this kind, there are three pictures in the book, and four pieces of music.

POEMS OF MATTHEW PRIOR.*

IT is hardly necessary to spend much ink on one point suggested by this pretty little book—the unusual and, no doubt, pre-established harmony between author and editor. With a great—a very great—deal more truth than lay in Cowper's original application of the title to Lloyd a hundred years ago, Mr. Dobson may in our day be declared

Sole heir and single

To dear Mat Prior's easy jingle;

while in his case the poet is doubled with a critic, and the critic further richly lined with a singularly painstaking and erudite literary historian. Therefore, if Prior had got to be "selected" at all, the operator was marked out beforehand. We own to having indulged in some natural sighs while acquiescing in the necessity of selection. Although Prior is often indecent, he is rarely (though he is, we must admit, sometimes) nasty; and we do not think that the prudishness which has gradually ousted him from general reading is either healthy or moral. But it has so ousted him, and he has got, we suppose, to be shifted and bedecked and bedraped before his reintroduction to polite (and prurient) society. Yet we cannot help weeping at some of the results of the process. Gone, the ever-famous *Tales*, the very triumphs of the aforesaid easy jingle, with the couplet in "Hans Carvel" which is the triumph of those triumphs, and as harmless as its subject:—

He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,
And doubled down the useful places.

Gone, "Pontius and Pontia," with its extremely sound, if oddly enforced, lesson, that husbands should not be rude to their wives. Gone, the admirable and more than admirably versified "moral" of "The Ladle":—

Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, something still—
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel something unpossessed
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a wish, and all a Ladle!

Gone, the witty if wicked "Ten months after Florimel happened to wed," which even Prior never outdid for mocking ring of metre. But they had to go—Mr. Dobson, no doubt, could not help himself. And he has avenged us a little by applying the same knife to the almost immaculate, but quite intolerable, "Solomon," and to those Odes and panegyrics in which Prior showed that he could be as great a sycophant and as bad a poet as the very Boileau whom he burlesqued, and to much other questionably good, or unquestionably mediocre, verse. On the other hand, he has missed little that we could wish present among the "proper" verse. We do wish, indeed, that he had given "Cloe Hunting," and think him a little harsh in dismissing it and its class as "wax-flowers of verse." We should have liked at least the pretty "Application" of the "Turtle and the Sparrow" to Lady Margaret Harley, if only for the sake of its charming first line:—

Oh, dearest daughter of two dearest friends.

But what are these among so many that Mr. Dobson has given? His two hundred pages of text contain the very cream of Prior's verse, which is also the cream of a certain division of English poetry. His seventy pages of introduction contain, with much good criticism, the best and most authentic account of Prior's life yet given, with several old errors corrected. He has supplied necessary glossarial footnotes, and some thirty pages of appendix, closely printed, and stored with information on things, books, and persons. Here may the curious see debated, with more than all the usual commentator's care and less than nothing of his silliness, the great questions whether Prior was "Middlesexensis" or "Dorcestriensis," whether he translated Horace to Dorset at the Rummer or the Rhenish Tavern, and (a point of real importance this) whether the satirical pieces which appeared in the 1707 collection, but which Prior never actually fathered, were his. On this last point we agree with Mr. Dobson that they were, and that in them Prior followed up his "Town and Country Mouse" attack on Dryden. Delightful poet as he was, he was never a particularly high-minded or chivalrous man; and he was not at all likely to resist the temptation of attacking a person who united the provocations of being the greatest living poet and of being

* *The Parchment Library—Selected Poems of Matthew Prior*. With an Introduction and Notes, by Austin Dobson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

obnoxious to Prior's actual party and patrons. In another biographical matter we are not so sure that Mr. Dobson is right. He disagrees with Pope and Coxe as to Prior's "diplomatic shortcomings." Mr. Dobson adduces letters showing the favour of William, Anne, and Louis, and the testimony of Swift and Bolingbroke. But nobody that we know of denies that Prior was an apt *courtier*; while it must be remembered that both Bolingbroke and Swift were concerned in defending, and that Swift (*in loc. cit.*) was formally vindicating the policy of Ministers in making Prior their agent. Our own impressions, from some considerable study of the negotiations which ended in the Peace of Utrecht, are that Prior, though no doubt a sufficiently useful and capable diplomatic understrapper, and by no means ignorant or careless of details, had neither the head nor the courage for the actual conduct of important negotiations; and that however good a spirit he may have shown in verse with the famous challenge to "Bourbon and Nassau," he was too thoroughly sensible of his danger as an "earthen pot" among nobler vessels to be either comfortable or trustworthy. The very contrast in this respect between him and the dauntless and resourceful Atterbury may have accounted for his ill-natured and not otherwise easily accountable digs at the latter.

But the fact is that it does not matter the heelp of a glass of stummed wine (by the way, Mr. Dobson, in giving from a dictionary "fortified" as the equivalent of "stummed," has not realized the full import of that crime, which was the mixing of new and not completely fermented wine with old and "palled" stuff, thereby producing a horribly unwholesome compound, while mere fortifying may be quite harmless and even beneficial) whether Prior was a good diplomatist or not. He was very likely as good a diplomatist as Addison was a Secretary of State. What he was good at, with a quite unique goodness, was light and whimsical poetry. For serious satire, political or other, he did not carry heavy metal enough, and was not nearly enough in earnest. Even in his own line he was not quite enough of a gentleman to be able to reach the magnificent coxcombry of Congreve's "Fair Amoret is gone astray" or "Pious Selinda goes to prayers." He had no passion, either amorous or intellectual. But he was, with even more wit and an equal felicity, in almost all respects an English equivalent of Horace, who also was not quite a gentleman, and was not at all passionate. Like Horace, he could imitate in adulation (and we strongly suspect that Horace, like him, could have burlesqued) *Virgilium Variumve*, Boileau or Mr. Addison. Like Horace, he could play almost any tricks that he had occasion to play with his native tongue. If—which we think extremely probable—he could not have written "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem" or "Justum et tenacem propositi virum," we are not sure that Horace could have written—he certainly never did write—anything like the "Verses to a Child of Quality." The two are thus as nearly as possible on a par, and it would be as reasonable to find fault with Horace because he is not Catullus, as with Prior because he is not Herrick or Carew.

What he is is simply delightful. What verse-writer can do aught but envy, what critic do aught but worship, the last four stanzas of the "Child of Quality"? What knowledge of human nature can exceed the "Lady's Looking-Glass" or the "English Padlock"? Who has ever beaten those half-comic, half-pathetic lines which Sir Walter repeated late in his own great—and crushing—career? Was Queen Venus ever served in the lighter and more irreverent way with better verses than "A Lover's Anger" and "To Cloe Jealous"? If anybody wanted a text as to the power of style, "When Bibbo thought fit from the world to retreat" would serve him as subject for prelections that would outlast Methuselah's term of office if he were Professor of Rhetoric or Poetry. And then change the mood, and look you: this reprobate poet, this tufthunter, this worldling, this occasionally, we fear, *canaille*, shall write to "My noble, lovely, little Peggy" an epistle at which it is hardly irreverent to say that an apostle, if he had had a mind to write English verse, and to address "The Elect Child," would not have shaken his head.

Mr. Dobson thinks very highly of *Alma*, as did Mr. Pope; and we are very glad to agree with two such eminent authorities. It must be owned that the thing is desultory enough, and that the system is rather too serious to be taken lightly, and much too flimsy to be taken seriously. But it is only fair to remember the wave of Materialism that was coming over—had come over—philosophy, and that Prior is as much more logical than Pope as he is more whimsical than Voltaire. The poem naturally challenges comparison with Butler, and here, if Prior must yield the palm of learning and vigour, he may certainly depart contented with that of lightness. He never pursues any one division of his theme long enough to bore, he never tumbles into the mere grotesque, he has scarcely touched a joke before he has left it as a word to the wise, he is so full of matter and of the adornment of matter that he has not the slightest need or the slightest desire to hold up his wares or his handiwork in this light and that, to impress their beauties on beholders. No doubt he could, no doubt he did, write remarkably bad verses, never exactly bad in form, but horribly bad in substance. But then he could and he did also write like this; for though we refrained before, we cannot refrain any longer from quoting two of the most perfect things in their kind that English verse has to show:—

For while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

As Cloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began: Where so long could you stay?
In your lifetime you never regarded your hour:
You promised at two; and (pray look, Child!) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough if 'tis loaded with bawbles and seals.
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
Lord bless me, said she, let a body but speak.
Here's an ugly hard rosebud fall'n into my neck;
It has hurt me and vex'd me to such a degree—
See here! for you never believe me; pray, see,
On the left side my breast what a mark it has made!
So saying her bosom she careless displayed.
That seat of delight I with wonder surveyed,
And forgot every word I designed to have said.

If people would write like that now!

THE NORTHBROOK GALLERY.*

SEVERAL of the Barings have been noted for their taste for the fine arts. The founder of the house, the first Sir Francis, his sons Sir Thomas and the first Lord Ashburton, and Thomas the son of Sir Thomas and brother of the first Lord Northbrook, were all collectors. The Northbrook Gallery is mainly composed of the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Thomas Baring to his nephew, the present Lord Northbrook. These consisted of the Italian, Spanish, and French pictures, formerly belonging to Sir Thomas Baring, a portion of the Dutch pictures of Baron Verstolk von Soelen, of the Hague, purchased by Mr. Baring in 1846, and a number of others collected between 1835 and 1871, with much taste and judgment, by Mr. Baring himself. The most important of the few pictures added by the present owner are, perhaps, two fine Van Dycks, portraits of the "Earl of Newport," and "Queen Henrietta Maria with Sir Jeffrey Hudson and a Monkey," both originally belonging to the Newport family, and acquired by Lord Northbrook from the Earl of Portarlington. They are well known, as they were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878, and the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887. So constituted the Northbrook Gallery contains 202 pictures of all schools, and among them there are so many of special interest and fine quality that the collection is well worthy of the honours of such a beautiful Catalogue as this, and the learned labour bestowed upon it by Mr. Weale and Dr. Richter.

The gems of the collection are mostly small. There is the Van Eyck, for instance—a little panel, 10½ by 7½ inches only—which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872. The subject is the Virgin and Child under a canopy. The Virgin has long hair rippling over her shoulders, and the Child is caressing a paroquet with one hand, while with the other he takes from his Mother a bunch of red and white pinks. "This is a genuine picture," says Mr. Weale, "well modelled, and painted with great finish"; and he would be bold who would disagree with Mr. Weale on such a subject. Undoubted also and equally fine of their kind are two small Mabuses, both of which represent the Virgin and Child enthroned. In one the architecture is Gothic and in the other Renaissance. In the former some charming child angels are introduced singing and playing, while another is offering a flower; in the other the Virgin is of a nobler type and the sentiment more tender and solemn. A somewhat larger panel—though this is only 22½ by 16½ inches—is so similar in style and feeling, if we may judge from Mr. Dixon's excellent photograph, that we cannot wonder that it also was ascribed to Mabuse in days when the distinctions between the old Flemish masters had not been so carefully studied. The simple, almost careless, elegance of the Virgin's pose, her pure, pretty face, with uncovered hair, and the tender way in which the Child is caressing his Mother's chin, give the picture a special charm; while the drawing is throughout of unusual refinement. Mr. Weale now attributes this picture to the unknown master of the "Mater Dolorosa" in the Church of Notre-Dame at Bruges, which we suppose is that usually ascribed to Mostert. Another picture of the "Virgin and Child," the tiniest of all, being but 5½ by 4 inches, which has been ascribed to Albert Dürer, Van Eyck, and Memline in its time, is assigned by Mr. Weale, though not positively, to the unknown master of a diptych now in the Antwerp Museum. The importance attached to this section of the Northbrook Gallery is shown by six out of

* A Descriptive Catalogue of the Collection of Pictures belonging to the Earl of Northbrook. The Dutch, Flemish, and French Schools by Mr. W. H. James Weale. The Italian and Spanish Schools by Dr. Jean Paul Richter. With Twenty-five Illustrations—Photographs by Henry Dixon & Son, by the Dixon and Gray Orthochromatic Process, printed in platinotype. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1889.

the twenty-four pictures selected for illustration having been chosen from the Early Netherlandish and Flemish Schools. It is remarkable that the Van Eyck has not been so selected; but, perhaps, it refused to be photographed, as many of the best pictures do. If, however, we have not a representation of the Van Eyck, we have a successful photograph after an interesting little portrait ascribed to his pupil, Petrus Cristus, and another after a wonderful little picture of St. Jerome in his study, which is accurately described by Morelli's "Anonimo," and was seen by him in the year 1529, when in the possession of Antonio Pasqualino at Venice. Even at that time there was considerable doubt as to its authorship. Opinion was divided between Van Eyck, Memlinc, Jacometto, and Antonello da Messina. The "Anonimo" was for Jacometto, Mr. Weale (with some hesitation) is for Antonello. Before entirely rejecting the claim of Jacometto, it might be as well to find out, if possible, something about this painter, of whom absolutely nothing is known except this note by the "Anonimo." He was evidently an artist of great ability, and must have painted in the Flemish style, or his name would never have been found in dispute with those of Van Eyck and Memlinc. Mr. Weale says that he is undoubtedly the same person as Jacopo de' Barbari; but this assertion, though worthy of all consideration as proceeding from Mr. Weale, is unsupported by any positive proof. Among the pictures by Antonello which may profitably be compared with it (if for no other reason, on account of the extreme minuteness of the execution of the distance) is the "Crucifixion" in the National Gallery (1166), which is signed by Antonello, and dated 1477. It does not appear that such a comparison has been made by Mr. Weale or by Sir J. C. Robinson, the latter of whom appends a note in support of the ascription to Antonello, on the ground that the architecture is of a character peculiar to certain parts of Spain in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and that there are indications that Antonello visited and probably resided for some time in Spain before he settled in Venice. It must, however, be borne in mind that this picture was evidently painted by some one who had been to Venice; and it needs some much more distinct evidence than either Mr. Weale or Sir J. C. Robinson brings forward before "Jacometto's" claims can be regarded as entirely extinguished, whether he were Jacopo de' Barbari or another.

Another charming example of early Northern art is the panel of St. Giles protecting a fawn from the hunters. Even Mr. Weale cannot suggest a painter for this picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872 as a Lucas van Leyden. This is also photographed—an honour which has not befallen Albrecht Dürer's interesting water-colour of squirrels (which, if we mistake not, though the Catalogue is silent on the subject, was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878), nor Holbein's portrait of John Herbster—which, by-the-by, would have been an interesting addition to the Tudor Exhibition.

As all who remember the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House last year are aware, the Northbrook Collection is rich in Dutch pictures. Four of the best then exhibited—Cuyper's "View near Dordrecht," "The Intruder" by Gabriel Metz (one of his finest works), Jan Steen's inimitably droll portrait of himself playing the guitar, and Michael van Musscher's portrait of Willem van de Velde the Younger—have behaved admirably under Mr. Dixon's camera. So also has a very interesting and excellent view of the Market Place, Haarlem, by Gerrit Berk Heyde, with the Town-hall which enshrines the masterpieces of Frans Hals; but the photograph of Ferdinand Bol's "Pearl Necklace" is a little too dark in parts to be quite satisfactory. The Northbrook Gallery is rich in Bols, containing three of his finest works—a portrait of Admiral de Ruyter, a scene from "Pastor Fido," and the "Pearl Necklace." The last is very like the Queen's celebrated Rembrandt, known by the name of "The Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife," which was at Burlington House last winter.

Altogether the collection of Dutch masters is unusually complete, as few, if any, of the greater names are absent, and many of the rarer men, like Asselyn, Solomon Koninck, and Van Muscher are well represented.

As we pass from the domain of Mr. Weale to that of Dr. Richter, we notice one change for the better. After reading a description of a picture, which is headed by a great name like that of Dürer, it is a disappointment to find that it may, after all, be only a copy. Such pangs Dr. Richter kindly spares us by announcing doubts at once. Thus the fine unfinished Holy Family (151) is headed "Fra Bartolommeo (Baccio della Porta—*ascribed to*)," so that we are quite prepared to learn that it may "with greater probability be 'ascribed to' Pierino del Vaga." With equal consideration the same art scholar marks the "Virgin and Child" (202) as "ascribed to" Raffaello Sanzio, before suggesting that it may be by Timoteo Viti. Alas that all these ascriptions should be so doubtful! It is an act of no small courage for the owner of a fine gallery of pictures to submit them to the tender mercies of the modern art scholar, to run the risk—more, indeed, than a risk—of having your famous Raphael re-named a Timoteo Viti, to see your Bellinis changed to Rondinellos or Catenas, your Titians into Paris Bordones, and your Lucas van Leydens and Dürers into "unknowns." It would be worth doing, indeed, if you attained finality, and your collection came out of the fire humbled, but purified from all doubt and dross. But doctors must learn to agree much better than

they do now before such a restful, if humiliating, consummation can be expected. As for this doubtful Raphael, if it is not quite indubitably a Raphael, it is quite as much like one as it is like anything else, and it certainly is not of the "School of Raphael," as described in the list of illustrations. It is of the "school" of one of Raphael's masters, and it is, at least, probable that the scholar was Raphael himself. Dr. Richter puts the matter very fairly, pointing out that the method of painting appears to resemble that of some undoubted Raphaels, and that, "though the drawing does not entirely conform to the idealistic conceptions of Raphael, the hands, for instance, being too short," yet "the same peculiarity may be observed in the earliest of the two Panshanger Raphaels." He might, however, have added that the hands of the Madonna del Granduca and the face of her Child are of much the same type as in Lord Northbrook's pretty picture. Lord Northbrook may, on the whole, be well satisfied with the most recent examination of his pictures; for the worst of it is that, even if you do not have the thing done yourself, it will be done for you, and the Baring Collection has been overhauled by Waagen and many other experts. If in some cases Dr. Richter does not award a picture its ancient honours, in others the name he substitutes is at least equivalent. Nothing, perhaps, can console for the dissipation of such a fond dream as that of the possession of a real Giorgione; but when your Giorgione has been termed a Pordenone by a Crowe and a Cavalcaselle and a Romanino by a Mündler, like Lord Northbrook's "Salome with the head of John the Baptist," it must be at least a refreshing change to be able to call it a Titian on the authority of a Morelli and a Richter. Of the other Italian pictures there are many of more beauty, as the bust of a young man by Andrea del Sarto, but there are few of greater interest than the "Agony in the Garden" by Andrea Mantegna. If we wished to rob Lord Northbrook it would be this picture that we would take, not indeed for our own pleasure, but to hang it side by side with the early Bellini in the National Gallery (726), a picture which, as Dr. Richter points out, "in its conception as well as in its execution, entirely depends on that of Mantegna." If Lord Northbrook's pictures of the Spanish and French schools are few, they are very choice, especially the Murillos and the Claudes. Figured in the Catalogue are two splendid Murillos, the grand full-length portrait of Don Andres de Andrade and his dog, exhibited at Burlington House in 1870, and the large picture painted for the Chapel of St. Thomas of Villaneuva, in the convent of St. Augustine, near Seville, representing the Saint giving alms, which has always been regarded as one of the masterpieces of the artist. Justly celebrated also is Ribera's large "Holy Family," which was seen at the Royal Academy in 1872.

HISTORY OF ETON COLLEGE.*

SO important are the changes which recent years have wrought in all institutions connected with education, that it is no wonder that Mr. Maxwell Lyte has been obliged to issue a new edition of his History of Eton, originally published in 1875. In the routine work of the school there is less difference observable between the time-tables of 1765 and 1865 than between those of 1865 and 1884, while as to the constitution of the College, the statutes of the founder have been formally repealed, and the new ones, made in 1872 by the Governing Body, already amended in 1883. Nor outwardly has the change been less marked; the chapel has been decorated and beautified; schools for science and mathematics, as well as additional racket courts and fives courts, have been built; and the temporary chapel, long since become necessary for the last 250 boys, is now about to be replaced by a permanent structure worthy of the College. It is to the recent changes that Mr. Lyte naturally devotes most of the new work in his book; but he has also availed himself of the results of Mr. J. W. Clark's minute researches, as embodied in the first volume of his *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge*, so as to show more closely the successive alterations made by Henry VI. in his plans for his collegiate church and buildings. As regards the church, which in modern times has come to be called the chapel, the mind of the founder seems to have undergone considerable fluctuations. In a formal paper, dated at Eton, 12th of March, 1448, and known as the King's "will," he seems to have gathered up the results of previous consultations and memoranda, and definitely expresses his intentions. The church was to be several feet longer than the present building, and very different in form and general appearance. In the first place, it was to have a nave and aisles as well as a choir; but the choir was to be about two-thirds only of its present length, and about three-quarters of its present width. A rood-loft under the choir arch, and thirty-two stalls in the choir, were to be copied from those in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster. Although this "will" was never formally revoked, the plans were soon changed; for the King, apparently with his own hand, struck out some of the figures and added others, signing the documents again with his name in full. The effect of these alterations would have been to increase the length of the choir

* *A History of Eton College, 1440-1884.* By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., Deputy Keeper of the Records. New edition, revised and enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

and nave by fifteen feet apiece, their breadth by three feet, and the breadth of the aisles by a foot. So soon, however, as January 1449 the King sent skilled workmen to Salisbury and Winchester to take measurements of the naves and choirs of those churches, and probably the result of their labours is to be seen in a paper, unsigned indeed, but expressly styled "the Kynge's own avyse." The length and breadth of the choir now existing correspond very closely with the measurements in this paper, as do also the buttresses and the eight windows of five lights each on either side. But the dimensions of the nave are considerably enlarged from the previous designs. Mr. Lyte does not give the figures, but contents himself with comparing them with various extant churches. Dismissing Chichester, Kendal, and Coventry, whose great breadth is divided into four or five aisles, the nave in this latest design would have been only exceeded in width by those of the Metropolitan Church of York and St. Paul's Cathedral; it would almost exactly have equalled that of Lincoln Cathedral, though of course differing in style from any of the above. Comparing it with King's College Chapel at Cambridge, which now overpowers Eton in size, we find that had their common founder's last design been carried out, the nave at Eton would have been the longer by about thirty feet, though not exceeding it in width. It would have projected some sixty feet across the high road through Eton, which would have had to be turned in consequence, and the church would have afforded ample accommodation for even the present number of boys. It may be mentioned that the roodloft between the choir and the nave was also designed for an organ-gallery; so that there is good authority for the recent removal of the organ to its present position. Had "Holy Henry" been permitted to end his reign in peace, he would doubtless have carried out this magnificent design; but the Wars of the Roses soon put this out of the question. On the accession of Edward IV. Eton had a short but severe struggle for its very existence, and it was only by the exertions, and, indeed, chiefly at the expense, of Bishop Waynflete that the fragment of the Chapel as we see it now was completed.

From the "Consuetudinarium" of William Malim, Head-master in 1560, we arrive at a fair notion of the routine of a whole school-day at Eton, which Mr. Maxwell Lyte describes at some length. At 5 A.M. the Eton scholars were awakened by the cry of "Surgite" from the preceptor on duty, and during dressing chanted prayers, or more probably Latin psalms, in alternate verses. Each boy had to make his own bed and to sweep the dust from under it into the middle of the Long Chamber, whence it was removed by four juniors. All then went downstairs, two and two, to wash at the "children's pump," after which they proceeded to the schoolroom. At 6 the usher came in, and, after reading prayers, taught the lower forms, while one of the preceptors made a list of those who had been late, and another, called the "Preceptor immundorum," examined the faces and hands of his schoolfellows to report to the head-master as to their cleanliness on his entry at 7 o'clock. Work of various kinds went on till after 9, when there was a short interval, let us hope for breakfast, though no mention is made of such a meal. At 10 the boys were recalled to the schoolroom, where, standing on either side, they recited further prayers. Dinner was served in Hall at 11, the boys marching thither in double file; but work began again at 12 and lasted till 3; then came a welcome hour of play, followed by another hour of lessons. At 5 the boys again left school in procession, probably for supper, and from 6 to 8 work went on under the superintendence of monitors, broken only by an interval of a few minutes at 7 for the consumption of a draught of beer and a slice of bread. At 8 the boys went to bed chanting prayers. If strictly carried out, the above routine must have been very trying for boys, especially when the monotony of their work is considered; for Latin was almost the only subject of study, though taught in a variety of ways. In summer and on holidays there was, of course, more time for recreation; but the only real vacation in the year when the boys were allowed to go to their homes was a period of three weeks beginning from Ascension Day. Clever boys were not always looked upon with the favour they enjoy at present. Sir Henry Savile, who was Provost in 1600, at all events regarded them with distrust, "Give me the plodding student," he would say: "if I would look for wits I would go to Newgate; there be the wits."

The earliest School list extant belongs to the year 1678, when the School numbered 207 boys, of whom 78 were Collegers. In 1718 the number stood at 353, but rose in the following year to 399; in 1766 there were 498 boys, and 627 in 1833. In 1834 the outcry originally started by the *Edinburgh Review* against the inadequacy of the schoolbooks and the manner of teaching in vogue at Eton came to its height; in that year Dr. Keate resigned, and in that year the number of boys fell to 486. Reforms came with the appointment of Dr. Hawtrey, who was soon able to stem the torrent; for, whereas in 1835 there remained only 444 boys in the school, in 1845 he had raised it to the then unprecedented number of 777. The present number by the last School list is 961.

Mr. Maxwell Lyte, himself an Etonian, has dedicated his work to his brother Eton men, and it is to them that his book, with its numerous illustrations of odd nooks and corners, dearer far than better-known views, will chiefly appeal. Yet to a much larger circle will this careful and interesting history of the greatest, though not the oldest, of England's public schools be of value. Vast, no doubt, as were the conceptions of Henry VI.—for

it is to be observed that from the first he not only provided for his seventy scholars, but made rules for the "Commensals," whom we now know under the name of "Oppidians"—his gift of foresight could hardly have extended to a picture of the School after 450 years. We have purposely abstained in this notice from dealing with the educational changes which have taken place during this long period. The reforms created by the new Governing Body are necessarily incomplete, and it still remains to be seen how far they fulfil modern requirements. It is the fashion of the day that every boy should go to some public school, so that mere numbers do not count for much. But it is evident that in a new school, influenced only by modern ideas, it is much more easy to start a new system, which may tell at the first in examinations and scholarships, than in schools which have the traditions of centuries, like Winchester and Eton. Examinations, scholarships, and even fellowships, are, after all, ephemeral; and the test of a school is not to be found in these, but in what is the result to the full-grown man of his school-life. An Etonian enthusiast might be inclined to amplify the Duke of Wellington's supposed dictum, and declare that the history of England has for centuries been written at Eton; but we shall leave him to defend this thesis. It is enough to say that the highest offices in Church and State have been served by Eton men, and that their proportion in the present day, even when public schools have become so multiplied, shows no diminution over the records of the past. It is a curious question how far the history of a school influences the mind of a boy at that school. Probably there is not a boy at Eton who could tell the dates of the different buildings, or the Provosts by whom they were built; all know that the Chapel was designed by the founder, and that the tower in the school-yard was the work of Provost Lupton; but few know that the statue of Henry VI., in the middle of it, was the gift of Henry Godolphin, or that Upper School was built by a subscription among old Etonians in 1689. Most likely if a boy were to take us round Eton like a *valet de place* we should think him a prig, and with reason. Yet, without doubt, a boy with any true instincts is dominated by the great facts of the past, which are testified by his surroundings, and is influenced by them; if he cannot tell you the dates of the buildings, he can show you the names cut on the walls, and there, after all, the true history of Eton is written.

DR. RUTHERFORD ON THE TEXT OF THUCYDIDES.

DR. RUTHERFORD is known throughout Europe as a robust scholar, equally robust in his laborious attainments and in the easy confidence which they have inspired in him. His work betrays none of the academical niggling, none of the superfine hesitancy, which may partly account for the sterility of men equally endowed and equally industrious. A problem in scholarship is to him a problem which must be solved; he is not satisfied with talking round and about it. A judgment has to be given; and, when he has given it, he does not qualify it with a string of oracular ambiguities. He has been reading the Fourth Book of Thucydides with his class at Westminster, and he has been pestered, like many teachers before him, with the manifold corruptions of the text. At once he made up his mind to sweep them away, and the present edition is the result of his determination. He does not pretend, he does not attempt, to deal with the very worst of the difficulties. Some passages there are which he regards as radically corrupt; these must wait until one or other of them may be emended by a lucky inspiration; but until this happens "it is sheer waste of time and confusion of mind to comment upon them." Among the passages which he has marked as hopeless for the present are ch. 10. 3; 18. 4; 73. 2; 99; and 113. 3.

The two objects which he has specially put before him are to mark the *lacunæ* (many of which have hitherto passed without notice, although they have raised a vague misgiving in the conscientious reader) and to clear away the numerous interpolations which have found their way into the text. He quotes the eloquent indignation of Cobet, his master in scholarship, to whose memory he has dedicated the present edition:—

O quoties indignatus languidas interpolationes quo summorum ingeniorum reliquias deturpant exclamaveris: hocne ergo Homerum aut Aristophanem aut Platonem aut Demosthenem ita dicere potuisse in animum homines induxerunt?

Inspired with a belief in the original lucidity of Thucydides, and determined to vindicate him from the charge of careless composition, Dr. Rutherford has declared war against the copyists and commentators who, consciously and unconsciously, have introduced confusion into what ought to have been clear. The mere *lacunæ* are most of them impossible to supply; but they can at least be pointed out. The fact that so many can be detected in a single book is of itself a sufficient answer to the critics who say that this or that passage came incomplete from the hand of Thucydides. Here and there, perhaps, a sentence might have been left unfinished, even by an author who laboured, sometimes at

* ΘΟΥΚΥΛΙΔΟΥ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΗ, the Fourth Book of Thucydides: a Revision of the Text, illustrating the Principal Causes of Corruption in the Manuscripts of this Author. By William Gunion Rutherford, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster of Westminster, Author of "The New Phrynichus," and Editor of "Babrius." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Badham, Herwerden, and Cobet. In the very brief notes which he has appended to the text he has managed to put a great deal of matter into a very small compass; but they relate chiefly to textual criticism. It is hardly probable that all his excisions (which must be reckoned by the hundred) will be accepted by other scholars. Your scholar loves the crabbed bits in his author. To interpret them by a new light or to emend them by a happy thought—that is the sportsmanlike method. But to excise them altogether, to exterminate them out of existence, is to treat them like vermin. In spite of the conservatism which is almost as valuable in scholarship as in politics, it is clear that Dr. Rutherford's acute and careful work with the Fourth Book of Thucydides will do a great deal to advance our understanding of a widely-read but widely-misunderstood author. Many of these changes proposed by Dr. Rutherford will be accepted by fair-minded scholars, and all will be found worthy of prolonged consideration by those who believe (as many of our best scholars do believe) that the most pressing work for the present generation of scholars is to clear away some at least of the rubbish which has been accumulated by the labour and ingenuity of purblind editors and perverse commentators. Energy of thought, practical judgment, and solid learning—these are the invaluable qualities exhibited in an edition which solves many questions and raises many more. It must be judged, not only by what it has done for the Fourth Book of Thucydides, but by what it may stimulate other scholars to do for other books of the same author—and of other authors.

NOVELS.*

SEVASTOPOL is in its own way perhaps the very best of all Count Tolstoi's works. It is an old book now, known to few of the thousands to whom *Anna Karénine* is a sacred thing, to be spoken of with the bated breath with which one alludes to the dead or makes a quotation from the Bible. Yet once read, *Sevastopol* takes an abiding hold of those who lay down *La Guerre et la Paix* with no result but a sense of despair at the confusion which is intended and felt by many to typify life. It opens the eyes of that large section of the human race, the civilians, who picture war as a continued series of battles and sieges where every one lives in a state of tension, and none think or speak of anything more trifling than the prospect of "to-morrow's attack." An hour's study of *Sevastopol* will correct these views, and show how intermittent fighting is apt to be, and how gay and careless is the temper of a soldier. Yet it is in *Sevastopol* that Tolstoi touches his highest point in the few lines that tell of the death of Praskoukine. There is no fine writing, no unnecessary details, but the thoughts and visions which fill the Captain's mind during the second of time that elapses between the death of Mikhailoff from the bursting of the bomb, and the moment when it strikes himself, are true and impressive. One almost feels as if a man must have been dead and come to life again to have written so. Count Tolstoi has not been fortunate in his translators. Neither the volume published a few years ago, nor the present translation by Miss Hapgood, reads very like English; but of the two perhaps the later version is the worse.

It is not very clear how much Mr. Cable means us to believe of his circumstantial account as to how these *Strange True Stories* came into his possession; but, after all, the question is of little moment, as the tales are interesting and horrible enough to gratify the most eager seeker after novelty. It is curious to compare the Louisiana of to-day with the Louisiana of a hundred years ago, as shown in the description of the voyage down the Mississippi in the flat-bottomed boat, with all its attendant dangers. The travellers themselves were gathered from strange countries and for strange reasons, and during the six weeks of their journeying they became lifelong friends, as people will under such conditions. Mr. Cable has touched on everything that may make his readers understand the kind of existence that people led in those bygone days, and having the blood of a Frenchman and an American in his veins, he has ventured boldly, and with success, on the perilous ground of female costume. The history of Salome Müller is strange and instructive to the student of manners, but the record of Mme. Lalaurie's charms and crimes will have the greatest fascination in the eyes of most readers. We owe Mr. Cable our undying thanks for having told his tales in good, straightforward English, and having spared us a reproduction of the Creole dialect, which is harder to make out than old French, and leaves an impression, when bodily graces are not present to counteract it, of want of cultivation and refinement.

James Vraile has much that is original and good about it, although it cannot be called a success as a novel. The first volume is very interesting, but the story should have ended with Lucy's elopement and her husband's life in India, instead of dragging on into a purposeless second part. James Vraile, the hero, is a new character in fiction, and is natural and sympathetic. He is the very

antipodes of the splendid creatures who owe their being to Ouida and the author of *Guy Livingstone*. He has plenty of "go" in him, but no "push"—he is unlucky besides. Time after time he comes near to success, and partly through mischance, but a little also through his own fault, he always misses it. His wife Lucy, whom he loves and believes in up to the moment when he discovers her flirtation with another man, is a commonplace but, unfortunately, natural character. She is a beautiful woman, with no thought outside herself, and with no capacity for understanding the commonest facts of every-day life beyond the absorbing topics of dress and amusement. She complacently suffers Vraile to let slip a good chance of distinction by declining to allow him to exchange into an Indian regiment, although when circumstances are too much for her, and she is actually in India, she enjoys herself to the top of her bent. Again and again she is in one way or another the means of frustrating his promotion and his happiness, and the reader feels that the only hope for Vraile's future is the inevitable elopement that looms large. When it comes, however, the story begins to decline. Jim comes home, and instead of stirring fights on the Afghan frontier, we have the dreary round of a little country town, where the unpleasant elements of society seem distinctly to preponderate. The cunning of the hand which so well described the fussy muddle-headed Colonel Dare, who was always crossing Vraile's path, and indicated the clever and practical mother of Lucy, seems to have departed. The perpetual presence of little Jim is not exhilarating, and still less is the company of the purse-proud Mrs. Bompas. Probably the reason of this is that Mr. Jeffrey is here describing from his imagination, while in the first volume he drew from his knowledge and memory. Yet even here there are one or two slips which had better have been corrected, and one or two things that are not quite clear. How, for instance, did Jim Vraile elude Colonel Dare from the time of his court-martial for drunkenness till the time when he (Jim) was put under his command in the Transport Service of Afghanistan? Vraile did not exchange for India, and we are distinctly told that, while he was debating if he should take his uncle's advice and return to his Colonel and his regiment, the knot was cut by a letter from his Major, saying that all leave was cancelled and they must prepare for foreign service. It is a mystery. Then surely Mrs. Vraile would know better than to address the son of a peer as "Herbert Rook, Esq.," and it may be doubted if a man like Vraile would ever have remarked to another woman that the wife whom he had dearly loved up to the time of her leaving him would "in time become a Mrs. Bompas of the worst sort." Still, in spite of these blemishes, Mr. Jeffrey has shown unmistakable signs of a power of character-drawing, and we shall hope some day to see an improvement on *James Vraile*.

Cast Out is likewise a story of one character, and that character, Katherine Falconridge, or Merrifield, or Sartoris (for she bears all three names in turn), is unusual and impressive. In all that concerns her the reader will be interested, but the minor personages are conventional, and there are few striking or probable incidents in the story. The author has little idea of arranging his plot; and, after introducing his heroine in the first chapter as a woman of forty-five, whose advent is the theme of discussion at a Devonshire garden party, devotes nearly the whole of two volumes to relating her early history, and only picks up the garden party, as it were, a few pages before the end. The style is also very clumsy, as will be seen from the following quotations:—

There was the Rector's wife, who had never borne any children, even, great as must have been the inducement, judging by what one sees around us, when her husband was only a curate and a younger son.—Vol. i. p. 5.

As a rule, the Falconridges were not prolific in progeny, content with a son only, or a son and a daughter or two—the latter counting but slightly, and rarely marrying, suitors being afraid to face the position—to vary the monotony.—Vol. i. p. 38.

There is a want of life and reality about everything in the story that does not directly concern Katherine, and here and there it touches melodrama, as when a young man of twenty-two bursts in a stout oak house door by his own strength, and in Sir Jermy's appearance to his daughter on the night of his death with the lost box of papers. The author is apt to repeat his reflections in an unnecessary way, and to enlarge upon people's meals—not always a good subject of description—and sometimes makes slight mistakes about ordinary things—as, for instance, when he describes (vol. i. p. 104) an Associate of the Royal Academy as "a Royal Associate."

Broughton is a very, very long book. No last-century novel was ever so long, and the six volumes of *Simone et Marie* are incomparably shorter. This at least is the effect on the mind of the reader; measured by actual pages the result might be different. *Broughton* is emphatically a "Story without an End," or a beginning, or a middle. It is absolutely without point, and the reader feels despairingly that, having once begun, there is no reason why the writer should ever stop. It is the history of a whole quantity of people in a Midlandshire village, where the Vicar's daughter, the Squire's daughter, and the Vicar's son are all engaged in trying to do what they can for their poorer neighbours, with the result in every case that the poorer neighbours fall in love with them. It is only fair to say that the Vicar's son led the way in this amatory game, and, though he recognized that marriage would probably make both of them unhappy, he was "hurried into a declaration" to the object of his affections. The ladies were worshipped as "bright particular stars" by

* *Sevastopol*. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Isabel Hapgood. London: Walter Scott. 1890.

Strange True Stories of Louisiana. By G. W. Cable. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1890.

James Vraile. By Jeffrey C. Jeffrey. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

Cast Out. By Morice Gerard. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Broughton. By A. S. Arnold. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

their humble admirers. The three long volumes are helped out by lengthy conversations on the merits of temperance *versus* abstinence, by a temperance lecture, a sermon, and by extracts from the marriage service. It is dull all through, and neither the disguised mother acting as nurse to the supposititious child, nor the disappearance of Pattie Atkins, nor Gerrie's adventure with the tramp, nor anything else, serve for a moment to lighten the gloom, not even the confusion of the Murris of Australia with the Maoris, nor the want of distinction between a valet and a butler.

ART UNION ETCHINGS.*

WE suppose the Art Union of London best know their own business (if, without offence, we may use the term); but we should not have thought that eight etchings such as these would prove a very attractive *douceur* to offer unsuccessful subscribers to their yearly lottery, or were calculated to promote in the slightest degree the formation of a true taste in art among the people of a Philistine realm. This is, we have always understood, the *raison d'être* of these institutions, the particular reason why the general law against lotteries is relaxed in their favour; but they really must show a keener or a wiser sense of their responsibilities if they wish to justify a continuance of the privilege. Apart from this, their yearly commission to the artists of the country, they do little or nothing for the cause of art, except insuring the purchase of a certain number of pictures, in the selection of which we believe they are accustomed to consult the taste of the prize-winner. Probably this stimulus to purchase without much regard to quality was not a bad thing years ago; but it is certainly no longer needed, and their yearly bonus to subscribers has become their sole justification. Formerly the line engravings which they issued were good as engravings; and, though the choice of the picture engraved was not always the best, it was often happy enough, as in the case of Maclise's great mural paintings at Westminster. But these etchings have little to recommend them, either in subject or execution. The subjects are "miscellaneous," ranging from "A Bit of Old York" to a scene, nowhere in particular, called "The Bridge"; and the execution is good, bad, and indifferent, but in no case, if we except Mr. A. Morris's very dexterous and delicate view of the favourite old "Silver Strand," is it in any way above the average. Apart from this etching and Mr. W. Ridley's "Collier in Bristol Harbour," the art represented by these plates is of the most ordinary kind. It is, indeed, a question whether the term art is not misapplied to commonplace drawings of places sketched without any fine sense of design or selection. Some of the etchers, like Mr. F. Slocombe and Mr. C. E. Holloway, have some reputation; but it is not of their best that they have given to the Art Union of London. On the whole, a portfolio of good photographs would yield more pleasure, even of an "artistic" kind.

THE NEW CONTINENT.†

"I" (says Mrs. Worthey in her preface) "am a woman," and she adds that her "footsteps across the sands of time appear" to her "unlike those of other women," wherefore she has written the story of a girl with auburn eyes and hair to correspond, called Laura Bell, and Mrs. Humphry Ward has much to answer for. *The New Continent* is neither more nor less than another extinction of Christianity by means of romance, and the erection in its stead of Positivism. Unfortunately Mrs. Worthey has not followed the example of Mrs. Ward in adulterating her load of bread with enough sack to make it palatable. This error of judgment is the more to be deplored because there is reason to believe that very little sack will do. The public is sober in its tastes and docile to admiration. A little common flirtation, a little fiddling, a few stolen kisses—even if they are apologized for and withdrawn immediately afterwards—will carry ever so much religious discourse. But that little Mrs. Worthey has withheld from her readers. She disdains to sugar the wholesome pill, but presents it to the patient bald, black, and unsavoury.

Laura Bell, the heroine, was a prig of the very first water. As a child she yearned for love and knowledge, and sat reverently at the feet of a Professor Maurice, apparently the Rev. F. D. Maurice, though this is not quite clear, and rolled in ecstasies of hysterical devotion. They took the form of the energetic pursuit of "truth for its own sake," and in the fulness of time "doubts" darkened her trembling soul and were suppressed and arose again, so that at last, after a deleterious course of the works of Mr. James Hinton and other fantastic people of that sort, "one Sunday she ceased quite naturally, irrevocably, to believe in God, in Christ, and in the survival of the soul." So she went about as miserably as she deserved until one day she found a Dr. Travers, with an engraving of the Sistine Madonna over his mantelpiece, who invited her to become a Positivist, which she immediately did.

Meanwhile she had, in the course of religious discussion, fallen

in love (at the age of sixteen) with a French Protestant minister named Arthur, who had intended to propose to her, but had been prevented by circumstances. When she received his proposal she had become a Positivist, and supposed that when he knew it he would not want her. But, behold, a marvellous coincidence! Arthur had contrived to be detained in Paris during the siege, and at the beginning of it had met a man in the Luxembourg Gardens who had revealed to him the saintly life and attractive doctrines of the late Comte, of whom Arthur had not previously heard, and had even taken him to see the departed philosopher's bedroom; so that he was converted too, and was only afraid that his emancipation from Christianity would make Laura refuse to marry him. The man, by the way, was a terrible character; for when he left Arthur at the end of their first and only recorded interview, "presenting him with a copy of the Positivist Catechism, he begged him to study it slowly and patiently, and to read each chapter twice." So when Arthur and Laura met and explained their views, she said, "It is as if there was a Providence, after all." And they agreed to marry. Then, instead of the fond prattle of merely Christian lovers, he observed, "There have been lately articles in the *Fortnightly Review* about Humanity," and urged that Laura should read and comment upon them, because, "if all could come to acknowledge the same religion, one that would be founded on facts and beyond dispute, all might come to a common action." This was in 1871, just after the siege of Paris, and the articles—about which Laura wrote that same night an equally prosy and inconclusive disquisition—were "a controversy between Sir James Stephen and Mr. Herbert Spencer." Oddly enough, Laura quoted from one of them a passage actually written by Sir James Stephen (who is believed not to have been knighted for several years after 1871) in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1886, or thereabouts. This touch of prophecy is the only sign of exceptional intelligence displayed by the young lady throughout the story. The lovers were married, and their blissful Positivist future is painted by Mrs. Worthey in the most brilliant colours at her disposal, which is not saying much. One is tempted to wish that everybody's religion should be true for himself, and that these two dreary beings should have no more future life than they expected. And perhaps they will not.

JACOBS'S CAXTON'S ÆSOP.*

MYTHOLOGY, like every branch of science, and folk-lore, like every branch of mythology, has to pay the price of being specialized by modern research. In the days of our youth we accepted the traditional "Æsop," as adorned by Beowulf or Tennyson, as something that had always been there. We were troubled by no doubts about his origins. If we had any surmise at all about the original, the tacit "implication," as Mr. Herbert Spencer and his disciples would say, would have been that there existed, or had once existed, an authentic Æsop in Greek prose. (There does exist a book which passed for the real Greek Æsop for a time, but it had, as we shall presently see, only a small share in producing our existing "Æsop." Its unclassical character was shown by Bentley, and it is now known to be a late adaptation from Babrius.) It is no shame to our fathers to suppose that forty or even twenty-five years ago no great critical apparatus would have been thought needful to introduce a reprint of the form in which Caxton made Æsop accessible to the first generation of readers of English printed books. Nowadays it is quite another story. The volume of text is coupled with a whole volume of critical prolegomena. Mr. Joseph Jacobs has hunted Æsop up and down three continents, in all likely and several unlikely places, and through a tangled history of versions, adaptations, recensions, and perversions in two or three Semitic and half a dozen Aryan tongues. Let us hasten to say that he has done it exceedingly well. His work is throughout fresh, interesting, and ingenious; he has cast his nets cunningly and wide; his conjectures are framed with exquisite skill and minute industry; his deductions never fail to be plausible, and are often, so far as we can judge with the means of a mortal and fallible reviewer, conclusive. Any one who seriously tries to follow Mr. Jacobs in his reconstruction of this curious literary history will understand that we speak with proper and necessary reserve. Mr. Jacobs is of the terribly learned generation of young scholars. He knows exactly where Ophir was, and how and why London was in the thirteenth century the centre of the French-speaking world and of the diffusion of mediæval fables, and he can date the *floruit* of Sakyamuni to a year. One thing is certain—that his industry has earned him at least a good holding title to his opinions. And we do not know why the accident of his writing in readable English, and not in unreadable German, should detract from the importance which would attach to his labours, as a matter of course, if they were produced in Germany. He does not himself claim at present to speak with authority; but, on the contrary, invites the criticism of specialists as a test which his results must undergo before any part of them can be stamped with final acceptance.

Caxton got his matter through a French version from Stain-

* *Eight Etchings*. Published by the Art Union of London. 1890.

† *The New Continent*. By Mrs. Worthey. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

* *The Fables of Æsop as first printed by William Caxton in 1484, with those of Ælian, Alfonso, and Poggio*. Now again edited and induced by Joseph Jacobs. Vol. I. History of the Æsopic Fable. Vol. II. Text and Glossary. London: D. Nutt. 1889.

hōwel's Latin and German edition, "the parent of all the printed Æsops of Europe." The previous European history of the Æsopic cycle has cost much pains to work out; but, when worked out, is in one way simple enough. For the great bulk of the fables Phædrus is the ultimate authority, the principal intermediate link being an early mediæval paraphrase made under the name of Romulus. There is also an admixture of Babrius, partly through the Latin metrical version of Avian, and partly through the Renaissance translation of the Greek prose Æsop. Clearly marked off from these fables of the ancient Æsopic tradition is a class of "fabulæ extravagantes" which appear as the fifth book of Caxton's collection. The history of these is obscure in details; there are apparently no means of ascertaining where Stainhōwel got them, and some of the former mediæval recensions which would supply material evidence are now only known to have existed. This cycle is represented in its current thirteenth-century form by the Anglo-French metrical version of Marie de France. More cannot be said with certainty than that the proximate source of this branch of "Æsopic" fable was Arabic. There are considerable grounds for thinking that, as in the case of the so-called Arabic numerals, Arabia is but a half-way house between Europe and India. But the question is a doubly and trebly complicated one. Greek influence affected the Arabic cycle to some considerable extent, and may even have affected the later parts of the Indian materials used by Arabic-speaking collectors. The existing Arabic versions have not been thoroughly examined, and in any case, as our text of the Greco-Roman fabulists is fragmentary, we do not know exactly what Greek materials were available when the Arabic versions were made.

In fact, the questions raised by the "fabulæ extravagantes" lead back towards the dim and doubtful inquiry into what lies behind Babrius and Phædrus. It is plausible to suppose that both these authors used the collection of Æsopic fables known to have been made under that name by Demetrius Phalereus about 300 B.C. Mr. Jacobs calls attention to an anecdote about Demetrius Phalereus being actually brought into Phædrus, and goes out of his way to rebuke classical scholars for neglecting literary history as compared with textual criticism. One is inclined to remark that, before constructing literary history upon allusions and anecdotes in the classical authors, it is desirable to know what the actual words of those authors are. Textual criticism may doubtless owe some of its most brilliant triumphs to a rightly applied knowledge of literary history; but we are not prepared to hold that the old-fashioned scholars, whose work has itself become classical, were in the main wrong in attending to one thing at a time. In this case Mr. Jacobs has brought out a neat little piece of evidence, and it is welcome as reinforcing a fairly strong antecedent probability; but we cannot think it conclusive. However, it does not seem to matter very much, for we know nothing of the contents of Demetrius's collection; and Mr. Jacobs himself supposes, not only that it underwent interpolation at various times (than which nothing is more likely), but that Babrius incorporated a distinct body of fables of Buddhist origin. The really interesting point is the relation of the Greek to the Indian (or, at any rate, non-Hellenic) cycle of fables. The Greeks themselves distinguished Æsopic from "Libyan" fables, and Mr. Jacobs is quite right in making a strong point of this, as against both those (if such there be) who deny an original Asiatic element, and those (as such there are) who would exaggerate it. Not less rightly does Mr. Jacobs point out that "Libyan" concludes nothing. It shows only that the thing so called came into the Greek world by way of Egypt. Now the Buddhist fables called Jātakas (birth-stories, namely of the Buddha's adventures in former lives previous to his final appearance on earth as Sakyamuni) present many striking resemblances to fables of the "Æsop" collection. Attempts have been made to account for these resemblances, but no general consent has been arrived at. It is impossible to believe that the Greeks had no folklore of their own, and very difficult to believe that detailed resemblances are merely accidental. There is no difficulty whatever in believing that within historical times fables of the Jātaka type were imported to the shores of the Mediterranean. But until now there have not been sufficient data for assigning a plausible route for the migration within reasonably definite bounds of place and time.

This is what Mr. Jacobs has now attempted. There is a Talmudic cycle of fables which, though small, is in various ways peculiar; it includes, for example, "an extremely curious variant of the *Geltert* formula." Now Rabbi Jochanan ben Saccai, shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, was a student of fables described as *Mishle Kobsim*, a term which gives no tolerable sense. The latest Rabbinical collector of fables was Rabbi Meir, in the latter part of the second century A.D. Greek tradition ascribes the "Libyan" fables to one Kybises or Kybisius. Mr. Jacobs would therefore read *Kubis* = Kybises for the unmeaning *Kobsim*, thus both disposing of an irrational factor in the problem and arriving at an indication of date. We cannot follow here the minute process of comparison by which Mr. Jacobs has satisfied himself that the "Kybises" element does not occur in Phædrus, and is of later importation. Finally, he suggests that these fables, derived from a common origin with the Jātakas, were brought to Rome by the embassy which a Cingalese king sent to Claudius. He further conjectures that the mysterious Kybises is no other than Kāsyapa, the latest of the mythical or semi-mythical Buddhas who preceded Sakyamuni. And he would trace to the purpose and form of the Jātaka stories, or rather the

original Kāsyapa cycle, the express moral which is to modern taste the least artistic feature of Æsopic fable. Mr. Jacobs's discoveries and conjectures are summed up in a narrative form at the end of his introductory volume; and the volume is well indexed. Nevertheless, we miss an analytical table of contents.

We have to charge the ingenious editor with dormitation in one case. Marie de France uses the word "hus" for door; Mr. Jacobs takes this to be the English "house," and evidence that Marie was paraphrasing an English document. Surely this "hus" is only a variant or misreading of the common French word *huis*, which does mean a door, and happens to be pretty common in the Anglo-French of our law-books. That any thirteenth-century man or woman who knew any English at all could use "house" for "door" we make bold to disbelieve. But there is plenty of other internal evidence that Marie de France did work on some English text; and Mr. Jacobs brings this round to another elegant piece of identification which hangs this on to the Talmudic-Arabian cycle. We cannot do justice to the hypothesis in an abridged statement, and therefore merely say that its ingenuity deserves to be rewarded by final proof of its correctness. At present the strongest links of the concatenation are something weaker than proof, and the weakest nothing stronger than conjecture. Mr. Jacobs appears to be himself perfectly aware of this. We have no manner of doubt that in a general way he is on the right lines.

As for Caxton's version of the Fables, we cannot say that we think it has much literary merit. English prose was, no doubt, still unformed, but with Sir Thomas Malory's work in existence it cannot be said that the writer had no means of doing better. The stories are, as a rule, diffusely and clumsily told. Now and then one finds unusual variants; for example, the puffed-up frog does not burst with its own efforts, but is exploded by a kick from the ox. The moral is commonly given both at the beginning and at the end of the fable. However, the book is a quaint book, and welcome (apart from Mr. Jacobs's work) if only for the sake of the Æsopic animals reproduced from the Bayeux tapestry.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.*

WE are so accustomed to regard Albrecht Dürer in his character as an artist, recognizing his unrivalled command over the brush and the graver, that we are apt to overlook the fact that, even in his lifetime, he enjoyed a considerable reputation as an author; and that, in addition to the literary work which he himself passed through the press, or which was published, and republished, in the years following his death, he left a large number of letters and other papers, some of which have been printed; others have, until very recently, existed only in manuscript, but every one, as coming from his hand, having its own special interest. It is something more than singular that, until the late Mrs. Charles Heaton published, about twenty years ago, her popular *History of the Life of Albrecht Dürer*, no English author should have attempted to produce any biography of the great master, or description of his work beyond such short notices and catalogues as had appeared in Bryan's *Dictionary*. Mrs. Heaton's pleasantly-written *Life*, though somewhat slightly referred to in the preface to the English edition of Professor Moritz Thausing's *Life of Dürer*, was not only remarkable for its just and appreciative estimate of the art and life of the Nuremberg master, the result of much careful investigation, but also for the numerous translations of such of Dürer's letters and journals and other papers relating to his personal history as were at that time attainable, the writer in almost every instance being careful to indicate the sources from which she had derived her information. The edition of *Albrecht Dürer: his Life and Works*, by Thausing, referred to above, and published in 1882, is, as might be expected, a work of much higher pretension; and as there is no country in which Dürer's paintings, engravings, and woodcuts are more highly esteemed than they are with us in England, so we believe that nowhere has Dr. Thausing's "lifelike presentment of the great master of the German school, his sympathetic appreciation of the moral and intellectual grandeur of the man, and his critical estimate of the work of the artist" met with a heartier reception.

But there is a passage in the volumes of Thausing to which we may do well to refer, which shows that he regarded his own work as still incomplete:—

To attempt to arrive at satisfactory results with regard to the importance of Dürer as a writer and a scholar would hardly come within the province of a history of Art. Besides, the needful preparatory work is still wanting, the first foundations of which must be a critical edition of Dürer's collected scientific writings. I have therefore renounced from the beginning all idea of treating this theoretical production with the same exhaustiveness as his works of Art.

The task thus suggested was one which, had Thausing lived, he might probably himself have undertaken; his words may seem to suggest that he had hoped to share with Albert von Zahn this pleasant labour; but Zahn's premature death, as well as the removal of Waagen and Mündler, though their papers were placed unreservedly in Thausing's keeping, prevented its completion, and the intention thus unfulfilled has passed into other

* *Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer*. By Martin William Conway. With Transcripts from the British Museum MSS., and Notes upon them, by Lina Eckenstein. 1 vol. Cambridge University Press. 1893.

hands. Those of us who are acquainted with Mr. Conway's earlier works on the *Woodcutters of the Netherlands*, and his essays on Flemish art, or have known the earnestness of purpose which directed his duties when holding the Roscoe Professorship at Liverpool, will feel assured that the "critical edition of Dürer's scientific writings" which Thausing did not complete would be neither lightly undertaken nor negligently performed. Mr. Conway's work, as we learn from his preface, was practically begun nearly nine years ago, when leaving Cambridge he proceeded to Vienna, placing himself under Dr. Thausing's guidance for the special purpose of studying the productions of the early school of German line-engravers. That when there he should devote himself, almost exclusively, to the investigation which Dr. Thausing had pointed out was naturally to be expected, and the large accumulation of notes which thence resulted, utilized a few years afterwards by the author for his professional lectures, and now increased in value and in extent by careful transcriptions and translations of the Dürer manuscripts preserved at Dresden and in the British Museum, are now presented, in collected form, in the volume before us.

The greater part of Dürer's correspondence, and no inconsiderable portion of his literary and scientific writings, have, as we have above remarked, been already recorded. Dürer himself, in 1525, published his essay on *The Teaching of Measurements by Rule and Compass*, and his *Treatise on Fortifications* in 1527; the latter a book with illustrations dedicated to Ferdinand I., King of Hungary, and for which he executed the fine woodcut of the "Siege of a City" (Catalogued by Bartsch No. 137). The first volume only of the *Four Books of Human Proportions* was printed in his lifetime, the other three volumes appearing in the October following the master's death (April 6, 1528). Of the *Treatise on Fencing and Wrestling* only a few leaves remain; they are in manuscript, for the book was never published, and are preserved in the British Museum; on one of these leaves, reproduced by Mr. Conway, are four spirited sketches of position in broadsword exercises. Dr. Thausing has suggested, and Mr. Conway ably extends the argument, that it had been Dürer's intention to compose a great encyclopædic work for the use of artists which should contain instructions on everything worth their knowing, and of which the *Treatise on Measurements* and that on *Human Proportions* would form a part. This idea is confirmed by extracts and translations which Mr. Conway has given us from the manuscripts now in the keeping of the British Museum, to which we will again shortly refer. Of Dürer's correspondence, most interesting are the letters to Pirkheimer, written during the artist's second visit to Venice. They have already been three times translated into English, and their repetition might have seemed unnecessary; but, without affecting the knowledge which would guide an expert, we can very well imagine that we recognize in these and in other translations, especially of Dürer's more serious literary work, that indefinable tone which conveys the promise of accuracy. Mr. W. B. Scott knew of eight of these letters, Mrs. Heaton introduced a ninth, a tenth was added by Dr. Thausing through the researches of Mr. William Mitchell. Mr. Conway gives in full the letters to Jacob Heller; and also, among others, the letters which relate to Dürer's pensions from the Town Council and his appointment as Court painter. Perhaps the most delightful of the series is an epistle from Pirkheimer's clever sister, addressed to the Nuremberg envoys at the Diet of Augsburg in 1518, and here, for the first time, given in full; it is inscribed, "To the prudent and wise masters, Caspar Nutzel, Lazarus Spengler, and Albrecht Dürer, our gracious masters and good friends," and signed, "Sister Charitas, unprofitable abbess of S. Clara at Nürnberg." Long extracts appear from *The Family Chronicle*; and there is a complete and very careful translation of the *Diary of the Netherlands Journey*, including the famous passage relating to the supposed arrest of Martin Luther. On the whole, without entering into further detail, we may assume that in all probability there is no letter, no manuscript, or note existing in Dürer's handwriting, or from the hand of his contemporaries which in any way relates to him, which in this volume is not either translated in full or sufficiently referred to. For the critical examination of these letters, &c., and the just estimate of their value in enabling us to appreciate more accurately the personal and art history of Dürer, we must refer the reader to Mr. Conway's book.

The Dürer manuscripts in the British Museum, which we have mentioned above, require from us more than a passing notice. Mr. Conway describes them as contained in five black leather bound volumes. Of the two which are labelled TEEKENINGE, one is in the Print-room, the other is in the Department of Manuscripts; the other three, labelled SCHRIFTEN, and marked I., II., III., are also in the Manuscript Department. The whole collection, though possibly not in its present form, is believed to have been brought together by Wilibald Pirkheimer—the friend who wrote so bitterly about Dürer's domestic unhappiness; from the family of Pirkheimer they passed into that of the Imhoffs, and thence into that of the Earls of Arundel; more recently they were in the possession of the Royal Society of London, and in the year 1831, together with about 550 other manuscripts, were acquired by the Trustees of the British Museum. The volumes, writes Mr. Conway,

contain upwards of seven hundred leaves and scraps of paper of various kinds, covered at different dates with more or less elaborate outline drawings and more or less corrected drafts for works published or planned by Dürer. Interspersed among them are geometrical and other sketches, and

there are a few passages of text, not in Dürer's handwriting, but doubtless preserved by him amongst his own papers.

He tells us further, in a footnote:—

The leaves and bits of paper, it must be understood, are not arranged at all, either according to date, subject, or even size. The leaves, which contain a single consecutive draft of one of Dürer's most interesting passages, and which should of course follow one another, are scattered through two volumes. Two leaves, bearing an early draft of some of the closing sentences of the Third Book of Human Proportions, are bound as leaves 20 and 29 of the fourth volume of the MSS. . . . Numerous instances of the same kind might be mentioned. As the sheets are now arranged, it is the work of weeks to get some grasp of their contents, and familiarity thus laboriously obtained only strengthens the desire to see the volumes taken to pieces and rationally re-bound.

We have reason to believe that now that the attention of the authorities is called to the condition of these volumes Mr. Conway's recommendation will be accepted. But it is not only that the several leaves of the manuscript have fallen into this strange state of confusion, Dürer himself might seem to have invented new labours for his literary executors. In the frontispiece in Mr. Conway's volume are reproduced four typical specimens of handwriting, all, be it remembered, in provincial Nuremberg German of the sixteenth century, and manifesting completest disregard for spelling and punctuation and the use of capitals. The Master, too, was in the habit of correcting and re-copying what he had written again and again. He would sometimes insert a sentence into context with which it had no relation, and repeat the same, though perhaps with variation, in its proper connexion. Thus there are no fewer than four drafts of a Dedication to Pirkheimer of the Book of Human Proportions, and not to multiply instances, several drafts of the Preface or Introduction to his projected Encyclopædia; these drafts bear different headings—one is *Salus* 1512, another *Salus* 1513, a third is *Teaching in Painting*, a fourth "The following little book is called a Dish for Young Painters." How gallantly Mr. Conway and the clever German lady, Miss Lina Eckenstein, who has been employed under his directions, have attacked and carried this stronghold of confusion, can only be gathered from his pages, where careful transcript, not from one alone, but from all these drafts of the Introduction, is set forth at length, accompanied by a translation which, as well may be supposed, is of great interest to all students of Dürer.

It would seem impossible to form any sufficient estimate of Dürer's life without taking into account the influence upon it, for good or evil, of his marriage with Agnes Frey. Mrs. Heaton, in describing her, can hardly find sufficient words of condemnation; Dr. Thausing, on the other hand, though he may not, as Mr. Conway suggests, wish us to believe that his client was an angel, yet regards the marriage as "not exceptionally ill-assorted, but rather as that of ordinary everyday nature," and entirely refuses to accept the assertions of Pirkheimer that Agnes by her selfish and irritating conduct embittered and finally shortened her husband's life. It should be remembered that the letter to Tscherte, Imperial architect at Vienna, in which Pirkheimer speaks so harshly of the widow, was not written until about November 1530—that is, rather more than two and a half years after Dürer's death—and that, in a letter which he addressed on the occasion to Ulrich Varenbüler, he did not say one word about Dürer's unhappiness in married life, or even refer to the widow at all, but only expressed the sorrow that he and his correspondent entertained on the loss of one to whom they had been so earnestly attached, "giving vent to my grief that we together may pay the fitting tribute of tears to such a friend." In explanation of the charges which he brings later on—charges which the irate old man could never have imagined would be reported after three hundred years—Dr. Thausing reminds us that Pirkheimer's own health had for some time past been failing; he had long been a martyr to the gout, and was now suffering under a still more serious ailment—he died within a few weeks of penning this letter; seven years before he had been compelled, through his infirmities, to resign his seat upon the Council, and the peculiar irritation, which just then distorted his better judgment, arose from the discovery, referred to in this letter, that Agnes had "secretly given away for a mere trifle" a fine pair of antlers, which had belonged to his friend, perhaps the very pair which had been promised to Dürer by Frederick the Wise, and on which Pirkheimer had set his heart. It is better to think thus than to suppose that Dürer's life happiness had been so cruelly destroyed; and if Agnes was not in everything the fitting companion for so great a man, she at least knew how to care for his comforts; she was a good manager of his house, and in her degree as true and as loyal a wife as any that could be found in the good town of Nuremberg.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GEORGE VAUTIER'S *Monsieur Badaud* (1) is a pleasant and lively *conte humoristique*, capably illustrated by M. Laurent-Gsell. The hero—a manufacturer of preserved provisions in the provinces—in a moment of rage at the reception of his tax-payer, accepts an invitation to attend an electoral meeting and speak. He is attacked by the acutest platform-fright, and is just going to be laughed down when a sudden inspiration makes him burst out "Plus d'impôts! A bas les impôts!" He is cheered to the echo, put in nomination for the Chamber, and triumphantly elected. A base Ministry wants to know how the

(1) *Monsieur Badaud*. Par George Vautier. Paris: Librairie de l'Art

government is to be carried on without taxes, and for a time this daunts the modest Badaud, who is in serious danger of becoming more unpopular than he ever was popular in consequence. At last he has another inspiration, and when the Minister, for the nth time, makes his sneaking objection, Badaud interrupts, pointing out that the devising of means for the detailed execution of the people's will is the business of the executive, not of private members. Again a tumult of cheers greets him, and the measure is passed. What happened the reader may find out. The whole is a satire upon popular government, not the less keen that it is perfectly good-humoured. It has a proper underplot of the love affairs of the Badaud girls, and divers agreeable episodes, the most agreeable being the execution of a colossal statue of Badaud in the costume of a Greek god, to the mixed delight and horror of the excellent *épicière*.

Les aventuriers de l'Amazon (2) is also illustrated. It is a book less of the type of those of M. Jules Verne than of those of the late Captain Mayne Reid in his "boy's book" vein. The story part, however (which tells of the planning of a colony on the Upper Amazon by a French engineer, of the mutiny of his rascally subordinates, and so forth), is not very well managed. But the story is the least part of the matter, the author's object being evidently to give occasion to his designers (MM. A. de Bar and "Sahib") to draw gigantic anacondas and jaguars the size of dray-horses, and sloths, and humming-birds, and tapirs, and all sorts of fearful and pleasing wildfowl. This they have done very satisfactorily.

M. Filon's *Contes du centenaire* (3) have merit—considerably greater merit, if we may be pardoned for saying so, than his *History of English Literature*, but not more than his *Amours anglais*. It is never a very bad compliment to praise a man's original work at the expense of his critical. The opening *conte*, though it would have been better for a little compressing and sharpening, is good. It tells of the only love affair (if, indeed, it can be called a love affair) of a spinster of noble family just before the Revolution. She is thirty, and He is about half her age, and nothing comes of it except a gentle stirring of the waters in an otherwise quiet pool. This stirring is drawn with delicacy, yet without any *niaiserie*.

The lady who writes under the name Jean Fusco (4) has produced a novel of artist life in Rome. The subject is not new; but it is treated without any slavish imitation of forerunners, and there is an odd but not uninteresting preface by the artist Raffaelli, whose very remarkable Parisian sketches we noticed the other day. *Un casque* (5) is a military novel; but, thank Heaven! not one of those guides to the barrack-room, constructed in following of *La terre*, which we have too often had to notice lately. Pierre Savarèse is an officer, and also a gentleman; he falls in love honourably, marries, and finds himself neither too well nor too ill "dans la nasse." Perhaps there is a little want of definite story and sharply-drawn character in the book; but it is acute and true enough. We should be sorry to think *Madame de Santenan* true (6), though there is certainly one true word in it, which is the last. The heroine, who is represented at the beginning as a lady in every sense, looks at herself in the glass, and pronounces the single word "Fille!" *Elle ne l'a pas volé* during the course of the book; without, as far as can be seen, any valid excuse either in the conduct of her husband or in anything that can be called a passion of her own. *Hôtel Lucien* (7) is a sketch of life at Nice, and of earthquakes, and of English governesses, who of course say "soh," but, for a wonder, appear to have had neither long teeth nor large feet. Perhaps this unnatural state of things accounts for their reading such "romans artistiques idylliques de Miss Braddon et de Rhoda Broughton" as "*La passagère de l'Aroostook*." M. Pierre Sales (8, 9), a valiant of the old rock, has added two at once to his "*Aventures parisiennes*." There are excellent things in them, as when a person, perceiving by the light of a torch two revolver barrels neatly adjusted to his own temples, observes with much calmness "Pincé!" Volumes could not say more, nor say it with greater truth. We never tell anything about the story or characters of such books as these; it is a cruel outrage to readers to do so. But it always seems to us that M. Sales writes better than much better-known practitioners in his own class. His work is followed on our list by two novels (10, 11), one written by a Russian, and the other plentifully powdered with "batouschkas," "doochenkas," "barines," and all the rest of it. Count Rzewuski's novel suffers from being printed too much in solid pages of text, with no dialogue or anything else to break up and lighten them.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE speeches and articles collected, under the title *National Defence*, by Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hamley (Blackwood & Sons), thoroughly merit careful study and consecutive reading. No one has a better right to speak with authority on the various subjects of great and growing importance discussed in this volume than Sir Edward Hamley. He speaks, as he writes, with no uncertain sound, and urges his views with vigour and consistency. It is a distinct advantage both to non-professional readers and critics to have his public addresses set forth in chronological sequence. Five years ago, the date of the earliest contribution in Sir Edward Hamley's book, the question of National Defence was just emerging from restricted fields of discussion in military journals and debates on Estimates in the House of Commons. Writing in 1885 on the imperative necessity of the systematic storage of material to complete the equipment of the Volunteer force, Sir Edward Hamley remarked "that this very first step is the one least likely to be accomplished." The invariable decree, he observes, goes forth that the Estimates are to be cut down. In this familiar process nothing is easier or less likely to excite remark or inquiry than to cut down the estimates for stores. "So fortifications are left indefensible, batteries without guns, the army without equipment—and nobody objects." The public interest in the question at that date is fairly reflected in this extract from the stirring suggestive paper on "The Volunteers in Time of Need." Now, however, public interest is aroused, and public money has been voted to repair the deficiencies caused by neglect. "Everybody objects" to the inefficient protection of our ports and harbours, and everybody shares Sir Edward Hamley's solicitude concerning the equipment of the Volunteers. By his Parliamentary speeches, which we are glad to find reprinted in the present volume; by his rousing address to the London Chamber of Commerce on the "Defence of London," and other speeches enforcing the claims of the Volunteers, Sir Edward Hamley has done excellent service. Authorities must ever differ on the subject of a standard of safety. You cannot set up an "absolute standard of safety," as Lord Salisbury said; it is something unattainable, because it is altogether indefinable. A standard of efficiency, again, can scarcely, from all aspects of National Defence, be an inflexible standard. It must be subject to modifications through the varying needs of the hour and other causes. But with regard to equipment, in every form of defence, there can be no doubt that Sir Edward Hamley's ideal may be readily attained, and should be promptly realized.

Everybody who has witnessed through many years the absorption of a rural district by the "spreading of the hideous town" will find a congenial observer and a faithful interpreter in Mr. John A. Bridges, whose *Idylls of a Lost Village* (Macmillan & Co.) is made up of admirable sketches of agricultural folk and scenery, not unworthy of "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," or the excellent and neglected Bloomfield. The invasion of the pleasant country by the manufacturing town is happily suggested in the opening scenes. The yeoman of many acres is gradually circumvented by the builders, the farmer watches the thin red line of the enemy surmounting the distant hill as a row of red-brick cottages, hay has to be dived for at the backs of villas, notice-boards in all directions make mowing difficult, "strangers" frequent the village till the annual "mop" or "statty" becomes a farce or unfit survival, and so the painful transformation proceeds. Mr. Bridges is a true artist, and makes every touch tell.

The value of a "bird's-eye view of literature," as Mr. Huntington Smith calls his extracts from a hundred American writers—*A Century of American Literature* (Trübner & Co.)—depends altogether on the bird. Mr. Smith's bird is a very small fowl indeed, and much of his "literature" is absolutely devoid of any literary quality whatever. For the rest, the oratory of Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and so forth, finds scrappy illustration in a page or so of quotation, with similarly scrappy extracts from Prescott, Irving, Brockden Brown, Poe, Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Dr. Holmes, and other men of letters. Poets and poet's-corner men, great writers and nobodies, appear to be all one to Mr. Smith.

The Rev. A. D. Crane, in his Devonshire story of the fortunes of the Church under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., *The Heir of Treherne* (Oxford and London: Mowbray & Co.), is like unto many other composers of historical fiction in that he makes his historical illustration of more moment than his fiction. The former is so obtruded that you lose hold of the story at times and regain it not without some wrestling; which is a pity, as there are some spirited passages in the story. Mr. Crane's aim is to show the historical basis of Anglican views of the Reformation. He says, with some truth, that much has been written in novels and tales of the victims of the Marian persecutions, and little or nothing of Cromwell's persecutions and the Edwardian martyrs. "We have been taught to mourn over the deaths of Reforming Bishops at the stake, we have not even been told of the Parish Priests who swung from their own steeples, because they opposed the innovations introduced by these prelates in the former reign." We hope the Church Association will take note of this story with a purpose, and ponder thereon. The West-country man who rose in arms against the Reformers with "the second Prayer-book" is humorously styled by Mr. Crane "the aggrieved parishioner." He certainly possessed the courage and conviction of his injury.

- (2) *Les aventuriers de l'Amazon*. Par A. Dubarry. Paris: Jouvett.
- (3) *Les contes du centenaire*. Par A. Filon. Paris: Hachette.
- (4) *Pietro Seracini*. Par Jean Fusco. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (5) *Un casque*. Par H. Allais. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (6) *Madame de Santenan*. Par Louise Morillot. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (7) *Hôtel Lucien*. Par Serizolles. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (8) *Robert de Campignac*. Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (9) *Un drama financier*. Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (10) *Aldredine*. Par le Comte Stanislaw Rzewuski. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (11) *Le secret de Maroussia*. Par la Comtesse Castellana Acquaviva. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

There are the echoes of sweet singers in Mr. Charles Allan Sherard's *A Daughter of the South; and other Poems* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), not wholly imitative, it may be, though the measure and metre are decidedly Swinburnian. Here is a stanza from "Dreams," a pretty poem too:—

As small as a sea-bird in size on
The waste of the waters she shows
White sails on the blushing horizon,
Where skies on the sea-breast repose.

Better than this, and of real colonial flavour, is the sporting ballad "Bruce's 'Grand National,'" a stirring and melodious poem of a steeplechase. The remaining poems show that Mr. Sherard is not wanting in the accomplishment of verse, and there is plenty of heart in his song when the theme is Australian.

In the "All England Series" of pocket manuals of games and sports we have Mr. Harry Vassall's *Football* (Bell & Sons), an admirable guide to the Rugby Union game, and *Skating*, by Douglas Adams (Bell & Sons). The former ought to be in great demand this favourable season, though the excellent handbook of Mr. Adams must, we fear, wait the desired change of weather, or go to Holland, as the author suggests, where there is "beautiful skating" to be had every winter. Mr. Adams deals with the mysteries of simple turns, edges, cross cuts, rocking turns, and the complexities of figures, with painstaking clearness and abundant illustration by way of diagrams. "Swedish figures," the most elegant of all curve combinations, are fully illustrated. Miss Cheetham supplies a useful chapter "for ladies," and a Fen skater of renown treats of "speed-skating," racing, hockey, and other games.

Who cares may have *The Story of the Dockers' Strike* "told by two East Londoners," Messrs. Llewellyn Smith and Vaughan Nash (Fisher Unwin), with an introduction by Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P.

A useful shilling reprint, edited by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, is *The Story of Emin's Rescue*, "as told in Mr. Stanley's letters" (Sampson Low & Co.), with a good map and the necessary introductory matter.

In "Golden Treasury" form we have a charming selection from Longfellow—*Ballads, Lyrics, and Sonnets* (Macmillan & Co.)—which contains nothing that is not of the poet's best, and wants nothing of his best. It is a selection, indeed, without reproach.

The invaluable *Debrett* (Dean & Son), consult it how we may, as Peerage or Baronetage, or "special Directory," never fails to command admiration and, it might be added, veneration, for it approaches its third century of annual issue, and custom does not "stale" our regard.

The Playing Cards of Messrs. De la Rue & Co. are known of all who play—the great globe itself is their card table—for their excellent quality and style. We have a sample, "Great Mogul" the brand, "Double Head Palace Gold Moguls" the full noble ascription, crisp yet lissome, delightful to handle.

The useful *Hazell's Annual* for 1890 is not exactly like any other yearly publication, and is, therefore, a fitting addition to any others. It is a sort of blend (we do not, we need hardly say, mean a borrowed blend) of the characteristics of "Whitaker," the *Annual Register*, the *Companion to the Almanack*, *Men of the Time*, the *Statesman's Year Book*, and so forth; handy in size, and very full of matter.

The *Clergy List*, which maintains its good qualities, is now published by Messrs. Kelly; and *Hart's Annual Army List*, as indispensable in its way, comes, as of old, from Messrs. Murray.

We have also received Vol. I. of *Massillon's Sermons*, "Ancient and Modern Theological Library" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Thom's Official Directory* for 1890, a compendium of useful information comprising, not one, but half a dozen, directories (Dublin: Thom & Co.); *The Advertiser's Guardian* (Louis Collins); and Mr. Henry Sell's *Dictionary of the World's Press*, a mighty tome, made up of a newspaper catalogue and directory, calendar, "portrait gallery," and a prodigious "index list" of journals.

Fountain Pens, with nibs, seem to be gradually ousting stylographs in America, and to a great extent here. Of these Fountain Pens, the latest and, to judge from a long trial we have given it, so far the best, is the *Lacon* pen. It has two great advantages. You can set it writing without jerking or tapping it, and you can see, from its construction, when it wants refilling. Add to this that it does not leak in the pocket, and is entirely of English manufacture, and enough is said to induce people who go in for Fountain Pens to give this one a trial. Its name comes from its inventor, and it is to be procured from Messrs. Waterlow.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

Advertisements intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—Every Evening at Eight o'clock. THE DEAD HEART: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Kate Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 6. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages at 10.45.—LYCEUM.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. BENSON. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPEARIAN COMPANY every Evening at Eight (Thursdays and Fridays excepted) in Shakespeare's Fairy Comedy, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. with the Mendelssohn Incidental Music. Doors open 7.30, Overture 7.45. Box-office open 10.0 to 5.0. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. ALLAN. No fees. MATINEES OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, every Saturday and Wednesday till further notice. Doors open at 2.0, commence 2.30, Overture 2.15. Children Half-price to Stalls and Dress Circle to Matinee.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Every Thursday and Friday Evening at Eight till further notice, Shakespeare's Comedy, THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, will be presented.

LYRIC.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, HENRY J. LESLIE. Every Evening at Eight, a New Comedy Opera, in Three Acts, entitled THE RED HUSSAR, by H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon. The Stage production by Charles Harris. Box Office now open. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Admission daily, One Shilling. THIRTEENTH ANNUAL STANLEY SHOW OF CYCLES. This great Show, which will beat the record both in size and novelty, will be open daily from 10 to 9 on and from Friday, January 2, closing at 5 on Saturday, February 1. No extra charge. EXTRA EVENING PERFORMANCE OF Grand Pantomime, ALADDIN, written by Horace Lennard, invented and produced by Oscar Barrett. The CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME is again the GREATEST HIT of the SEASON. Performances every afternoon at Three o'clock, and during the Stanley Cycle Show, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings (January 15, 22, 29, 30, and February 1). Seats 1s. to 3s.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. THREE per CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuables; the Collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

SHEFFIELD CORPORATION £3 PER CENT. STOCK. ISSUE OF £371,320.

(Authorized by the Sheffield Corporation Acts, 1883 and 1889.) THE CORPORATION of SHEFFIELD give NOTICE that they are prepared to receive applications for the above sum of SHEFFIELD CORPORATION £3 PER CENT. STOCK. Minimum price of issue £100 per cent.

Interest payable half-yearly, on March 1 and September 1, at the Sheffield and Hallamshire Bank, Sheffield, or by their London Agents, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., of Lombard Street.

No sum less than £50 of Stock will be allotted, and any amount in excess of that sum must be a multiple of £10.

Under the Trust Investment Act, 1889, recently passed, this Stock is an available investment for every Trustee who is not expressly forbidden by the instrument creating his trust to invest in Corporation Stock.

Forms of Prospectus, &c., and all information required, will be supplied by Borough Accountant's Office, Bridge Street, Sheffield, August 16, 1890. W. FISHER TASKER, Registrar.

LIMITED OWNERS' RESIDENCES ACTS, 1870, 1871.

BOARD of AGRICULTURE.—Mr. JOHN BIRCH, Architect, who rebuilds Ingle Hall, on fire-proof principles, and other country mansions, may be CONSULTED by noblemen and landed proprietors desirous of taking advantage of the facilities afforded by the above Acts for making improvements.—3 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

FREEDHOLD BUILDING GROUND, CITY OF LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, January 26, 1890, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASES for a term of Eighty Years TWO PLOTS of very valuable FREEDHOLD GROUND, one situate on Leight Hill (No. 37), the other in Cheapside, at the corner of Milk Street (this latter site having a Public-house Licence attached).

Further particulars, with Conditions and printed Forms of Proposal, may be had on application at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

Persons tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, on the above-mentioned day, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute an Agreement and Bond at the same time.

Proposals must be sealed up, endorsed on the outside "Tender for Vacant Land, Leight Hill" (or Cheapside, as the case may be), and be delivered in addressed envelopes to the undersigned before One o'clock on the said day of treaty.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall: HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

December, 1889.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. Seven Days' Pension and First-Class Return Railway Ticket by South-Western, Fast Trains from London (Waterloo). Five Guineas. Ask for Hotel Tickets.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' UPRIGHT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTES.

Prices from 40 Guineas upwards.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, Pianoforte Makers by Special Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 1889.—15, 20, and 22 Wigmore Street, W. Lists free.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

£20,000 towards new Nursing Establishment, enlargement of Medical School, the Convalescent Home, and current expenses. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond.

ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.

REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, & CHAPPING PREVENTED.

FAIR WHITE HANDS AND HEALTHFUL SKIN

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PEARS' SOAP.

This world-renowned Toilet Soap has obtained FIFTEEN

INTERNATIONAL AWARDS as a COMPLEXION SOAP.

It is specially suitable for ladies, children, or delicate and sensitive skins generally.

Its regular use cannot fail to benefit the worst complexion.

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Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

This is the only Society providing Free Supplies of Water for Man and Beast in the London and Suburbs.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited.

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117 Victoria Street, S.W. M. W. MILTON, Secretary.